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JEROME I. CASE.

A LITTLE city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, situated sixty miles north of Chicago, on the lake shore, is to-day probably the leading manufacturing town of the West. With no peculiar advantages of location, above those possessed by a score of other Western towns—having no water-power, mines, or timber contiguous, to attract manufactories—the city of Racine has, nevertheless, during the past twenty-five years, caught and developed the same spirit which characterizes the old English manufacturing towns, where machinery and the desire to combine and produce seem to be the instinct which moves the capitalist and the laborer alike.

The wonderful growth and prominence attained by Racine in this department of human industry have not been factitious or accidental, but are directly attributable to the foresight, energy, and perseverance of one man.

JEROME I. CASE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Williamstown, Oswego county, New York, December 11th, 1819, and is the youngest of four brothers. His parents, Caleb and Deborah Case, were among the pioneers of Western New York, having removed at an early day from Rensselaer

county to Williamstown, where, with a family of little ones to support, and in limited circumstances, they commenced to clear up a farm in the then almost unbroken wilderness. Young CASE was thus nurtured in a good school for the development of the two distinguishing elements of the American character—an idea of *nobility* and an idea of *faith*; the nobility of labor, the faith in one's own powers.

His opportunities for acquiring an education were such as were afforded by the district school—which he could attend only in winter. At the age of sixteen he had acquired a fair common-school education, and a reputation for trustworthiness beyond his years. At this time his father purchased the right to use and sell a certain primitive one-horse tread-power threshing-machine; and it is noticeable that JEROME, the youngest son, was selected to manage and use the machine. This apparently trifling circumstance decided for young CASE what should be his vocation. From the first he exhibited a fondness for machinery, and in his first attempt managed the rickety one-horse tread-mill to the complete satisfaction of himself and all parties concerned. This employ-

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ment he followed until 1840, when he became of age.

JEROME now determined to obtain as good an education as the schools of New York State at that time could give him. He accordingly, in the fall of 1840, commenced the threshing business on his own account. He had now, for the first time in his life, a distinct object to attain; and he toiled with a heartiness and a perseverance that could hardly fail to bring success. In January, 1841, with the profits of his autumn's work in his pocket, he entered the Academy of Mexicoville, New York. It seemed to him that the object of his ardent desire, and for which he had long waited, was now within his grasp. Self-reliant—looking upon toil as honorable and labor as dignifying the laborer—and strong of purpose, he devoted himself chiefly to those studies that would best fit him for the work he had decided to undertake, viz.: the construction of labor-saving machinery. He succeeded well in his studies, but he had raised a spirit that would not let him rest. Daily over his books and nightly in his dreams, the inventive genius was ever busy; and the old tread-mill thresher was constantly before his eyes. At the close of the term, he decided to leave the academy and enter upon his life-work. He felt that he had a work to do and an education to acquire outside of books, among men, and that he had started too late to get a thorough knowledge of books, and accomplish what he intended to do afterward. Thus, at the age of twenty-two, without capital or friends able to furnish him pecuniary aid, he began the career that was to terminate in making him one of the leading manufacturers of the West.

Directly after leaving school, Mr. CASE turned his attention again to threshing machinery. In the spring of 1842 he procured upon credit six of these machines, and took them West with him—locating himself at Racine, in the then Territory of Wis-

consin. The great agricultural resources of the West were at that time undeveloped; but the attention of enterprising men had been directed to these broad and fertile prairies, and the reading of Mr. CASE had given him an idea of the possibilities that lay hidden in them. Arriving at Racine—then a mere village,—he disposed of all of his machines but one, and with that he started off through the country, threshing grain—managing the machine himself, and constantly devising, during his hours of leisure, some improvement. In the spring of 1843, finding that his tread-mill machine was nearly worn out, and conscious of his ability to greatly improve it, he set to work, with the aid of such tools and mechanics as he could find, to rebuild and remodel, after some patterns made by himself, his old horse-power and thresher. When finished and put in operation, he found not only that he had made a machine vastly better than the old one he had been using, but also that he had made a better machine than he could buy at the East. His success becoming known, he soon found himself able to discontinue threshing, and turned his attention to the manufacture of machines.

Up to this time, invention had only succeeded in making what was called an open thresher—the grain, chaff, and straw being delivered together from the machine, requiring an after process of winnowing in order to separate the grain from the chaff. In the winter of 1843-4, Mr. CASE succeeded in making a thresher and separator combined, after a model of his own invention, which he had made in the kitchen of a farm-house at Rochester, Wisconsin. This was the first machine used in the West that threshed and cleaned the grain at one operation. It was a success best appreciated, most probably, by the man who for three years had labored under every disadvantage to attain that result. In the fall of the same

year, Mr. CASE rented a small shop at Racine, and undertook the building of a limited number of his new machines. Some adequate idea of the temperament and indomitable perseverance of this man, as well as the discouraging obstacles that he encountered, may be formed when we state that the most experienced agriculturalists of the State, when told by Mr. CASE that he was building six machines for sale, asserted that if they did work satisfactorily they would be more than were needed in the entire State.

Constantly improving, remodelling and perfecting his machinery, Mr. CASE, in 1847, erected his first shop, near the site of his present extensive manufactory. It was a brick building thirty feet wide by eighty feet long, and three stories in height. At the time, he considered it larger than he would ever need, but thought he would put up a good building that should be a credit to the town.

Being now well established in business, he pursued with unflinching vigor the purpose of his life. The country was developed rapidly—the uncultivated prairies of 1842 becoming the richly-productive farms of 1850. The demand for the J. I. Case Thresher and Horse-Power steadily increased, and each year witnessed some new triumph of the designer's skill. Recognizing, with the true manufacturer's instinct, the fact that to be permanently successful it was essential not only that his machines should be unsurpassed in excellence, but also that he should be able to manufacture them with the greatest possible economy of time and labor, he was constantly devising labor-saving machinery; and while he was bringing slowly but surely out of the primitive tread-mill of Oswego county the unsurpassed Thresher and Power at present manufactured by him, he was at the same time constantly improving the machinery of his manufactory.

In 1855—only thirteen years from the time when he stood upon the

threshold of his great enterprise—was success assured. He had triumphed over poverty, surmounted all obstacles, and realized by his own exertions the ideal mechanism he had dreamed of in his youth, when he used to haul to market, over the corduroy roads of Oswego county, a load of wood to exchange for a barrel of salt. His extensive manufactory—of substantial brick and wood buildings, occupying in all its appointments several acres of ground, situated on the bank of Racine River just inside the lake harbor, with its dock for vessels, its furnace, moulding-room, paint-shops, belt factory, and dry-kilns, and its vast work-rooms filled with perfect and complicated machinery, all systematized and organized in as perfect order as a military camp—stands to-day a monument in itself to the inventive skill, keen foresight, and indomitable energy of the farmer-boy of Williamstown, and entitles him to take his place among those men of thought and action whose own exertions have made them the representative men of the West.

In 1849 Mr. CASE married Lydia A., daughter of De Grove Bull, Esq., of Yorkville, Wisconsin,—an estimable lady, of whom it is sufficient to say that in the practice of those domestic virtues which grace the wife and mother, and in that open-handed charity which adorns the female character, she is an ornament to the social position which her husband's eminent success has called her to occupy.

In 1856 Mr. CASE—although in no respect an office-seeker—was elected Mayor of the city of Racine. He was tendered the nomination again the following year, but declined the position. Being urged by his friends to accept the nomination to the same office in 1859, he consented, and was elected a second time to the mayoralty of the city, over the Hon. John M. Cary, his competitor. In 1856 he was elected State Senator, and served

with ability for a term of two years in the Wisconsin Senate,—being noted in that body for his ready mastery of details and great executive ability. In politics Mr. CASE has always been identified with the Republican party.

In 1863, his business having assumed colossal magnitude, and having amassed a splendid fortune, he disposed of the greater part of his interest in his manufactory to Messrs. Stephen Bull, Robert H. Baker, and M. B. Erskine,—all residents of Racine,—characteristically choosing for his partners practical men like himself. Since that time, Mr. CASE has gradually withdrawn from the active management of the business, and has devoted more of his time and no small portion of his capital to the furtherance of interests calculated to build up and promote the best good of the city and State in which he resides. There are now several extensive and successful manufactories, in various departments of human industry, in the city of Racine, in all or nearly all of which Mr. CASE is personally and pecuniarily interested. For several years past he has been an efficient member of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, and for the past two years President of the Racine County Agricultural Society; and he was one of the founders and a life member of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters.

When asked to specify to what he chiefly attributed his success as a manufacturer, Mr. CASE replied: "I attribute my financial success to my strict observance of two rules which I adopted at the outset, and to which I have closely adhered through life. First, I made myself sure that the article I purposed to make was correct in principle and was needed; and, second, I endeavored to construct that article in the most perfect manner possible—always using the best of materials, and constructing it in the most durable manner I could devise. By giving my whole time and

attention to these two objects, I have realized my own expectations and the expectations of my patrons. I have consequently never manufactured an article that I could not warrant to perform the work it was designed to do." Said an old acquaintance of his recently to one of his partners, while walking through the store-room of the factory for the purpose of selecting a machine: "I will leave it to you to select for me a good machine." "Were I choosing a machine for myself," was the reply, "I should take this one"—laying his hand upon the machine by which they were standing—"solely because it is the nearest to us. Of the twelve hundred Threshers we manufacture yearly, I would not give one penny for the privilege of having the first choice." And as in the construction of machinery, so in everything else in which Mr. CASE invested his capital and energy, his aim was always to attain the highest possible degree of excellence.

We have thus attempted to sketch the life-work of JEROME I. CASE. Our sketch has necessarily been most interested in the circumstances and external career—in the *curriculum vitae*—of our subject; for herein are clearly discernible the character and personal significance of the man. In the contemplation of the work he has accomplished, it is evident that Mr. CASE is no ordinary man. His work is essentially a triumph of comprehensive forethought, strict business integrity, and indomitable perseverance. Appreciating the true value of that wealth which his own exertions, and not the accident of inheritance, gave to him,—surrounded by hosts of friends whom his social qualities, friendly counsels, and timely aid have attracted to him,—he is spending the evening of his busy life in his beautiful mansion at Racine, happy in the society of wife and children, and in the contemplation of the successful and beneficent achievements of a well-spent life.



## THE ROLLING STONE.

BY GEORGE SAND.

## CHAPTER XX.

## CONCLUSION OF LAURENCE'S STORY.

AT this wise conclusion I should have stopped, abandoned my survey, and taken leave of her; but my passion for archæology led me on. Saint Vaudrille has a more beautiful church, and one in many places better preserved, than Jumièges. The adjacent buildings are ugly and inconvenient, but there is a square garden whose terraces lead to smiling meadows, and that monk's garden, laid out in the old style, had for me a great attraction. There is also a vast chapter-room, quite entire, surrounded with elegant arches. I saw myself once more in the great chapter-room of Saint Clement. I called up the magisterial conference of the prince with his vassals; the hasty and mournful funeral of Marco. Then, my hallucination following its bent, I thought I was in the immense library where we had played tragedy before the Montenegrin lords; again I saw Imperia singing and acting the *Marseillaise*, and in a medley of phantoms and fictions Lambesq howling like the furies of Orestes, while I declaimed Polyeuctes. The pleasing form of Bellamare appeared to me in the side scene, whence was heard the sepulchral voice of Moranbois. Tears came into my eyes, I burst into a nervous laughter, and I cried involuntarily: 'See, a beautiful playhouse!'

"Madame de Valdère regarded me with emotion, and doubtless thought me mad; she became pale, and trembled.

"I thought that, to reassure her, I ought to make to her the declaration which I am wont to hurl at those who regard me with distrust or curiosity.

'I have been a comedian,' said I, trying to smile.

"I know it well,' said she, still moved. 'I know, I believe, your whole history. Be not surprised at it, Monsieur Laurence. I had at Blois a pretty little house, number twenty-five on a certain street, where there were flowers and nightingales. In that house a singular adventure took place, of which you were the hero. The heroine, who came there without my knowledge and without my permission, although she was my friend, finally confessed all to me. Poor woman! she died with that recollection.'

"Died!' cried I; 'then I shall never see her!'

"It is so much the better for you, since you did not love her.'

"I saw that Madame de Valdère knew all. I pressed her with questions—she eluded them; that recollection was painful to her, and she was wholly indisposed to betray her friend's secret. I was never to know her name, nor anything whatever that could enable me to get trace of her in a past that was closed, sealed forever.

"You can, at least,' said I, 'tell me of her sentiment toward me: was it serious?'

"Very serious, very deep, very enduring. You have not believed it?'

"No, and I probably lacked the good fortune through distrust of the good fortune. But has she suffered from that love?—is that the cause—'

"Of her premature death? No. She had cherished the hope, or she had regained it, when she knew that you had quitted the theatre. She was going perhaps to try to reattach you

to her, when she died in consequence of an accident. Her ball dress caught fire. She suffered much; she died two years ago. Let us say no more of her, I pray you; it pains me.'

"'So it does me, also,' I replied; 'and yet I would speak of her. Have a little courage, out of pity for me.'

"She replied kindly that she should be interested in my regret, if it were real; but could it be so? Should I not be led to disdain beyond the tomb a woman whom I had disdained when she was living? Was I disposed to listen respectfully to what one might tell me of her?

"I swore that I was.

"'That does not suffice me,' replied Madame de Valdère. 'I wish to know your inmost sentiments regarding her. Relate that adventure to me truthfully from your own point of view. Tell me the judgment you formed of my friend, and all the reasons that led you to write to her that you adored her, only to forget her afterward and return to the beautiful Imperia.'

"I related to her faithfully all that I have related to you, omitting nothing. I confessed that there had been perhaps a little spite in my first advances toward the beautiful unknown, and spite again in my silence when she distrusted me. 'I was sincere,' I said; 'I had loved Imperia, but I had yielded myself to a new love with courage, with loyalty, with ardor. Your friend could have saved me; she did not wish to do so. I should never have revisited Imperia; I should have forgotten her without regret. Nothing at that moment was easier to me. The unknown exhibited jealousy in haughty ways whose cold generosity deeply humiliated me. I have been afraid of a person who was so exacting as to deem it a crime in me to have loved before knowing her, and who was sufficiently mistress of herself to conceal her contempt under kindnesses. I should have better loved an ingenuous jealousy; then I should

have found passionate words, true oaths, to restore her confidence. I foresaw terrible struggles, an invincible bitterness in her heart. I was cowardly in my pride. I renounced her. And then her station and mine were too unlike. Now I should no longer be so timid and so susceptible. I should not fear appearing ambitious to her, and I should know how to overcome her distrust. But she is no more; my destiny was not to be happy in love. She knew not how much I would have loved her; and I have been repulsed by Imperia, as if heaven had wished to punish me for not having seized the happiness when it was offered to me.'

"'Yes,' replied Madame de Valdère, 'in that matter you were very culpable toward yourself, and you cruelly slighted a woman as loyal and as sincere as yourself. My friend was sincere when she offered you her good offices in regard to Imperia. She was neither distrustful nor haughty. She was crushed with grief; she sacrificed herself. She was not perfect, but she had the perfect candor of romantic souls; in fearing her character, you have committed the greatest blunder, permit me to tell you, which an intellectual man can commit. She had a gentleness which degenerated into weakness, and you would have governed that fancied terrible woman like a child.'

"'I have been a child myself,' cried I, 'and I have been well punished for it!'

"'No doubt, since you are smitten with love for Imperia, and that love has become an incurable malady.'

"'What do you know of it?' cried I.

"'I saw it early, when you cried, "*See, a beautiful playhouse!*" All your past illusions, all your future regrets, were written in your eyes; you will never be consoled!'

"That seemed to me a direct reproach, for the eyes of the beautiful woman were moist and sparkling. I

took her hand without knowing very well what I did. 'Let us speak no more of Imperia, nor of the unknown,' I said. 'There is no more past for me; why should there be no future?' I perceived, to her surprise, that I was making a declaration to her, and I hastened to add: 'Let us speak of Saint Vaudrille.'

"I offered her my arm to conduct her down into the uncultivated and abandoned garden, and we said nothing of Saint Vaudrille. We returned always to the unknown, and I believed I saw that, through speaking of me and painting me to Madame de Valdère, she had excited in the latter a great curiosity to see me; perhaps an interest livelier than curiosity. My neighbor appeared, if not as adventurous as her friend, at least as romantic; and I began to perceive that it would be very easy for me to be smitten with her, provided I received a little encouragement.

"I was not encouraged, and I was smitten the more. I had not dared to ask her to receive me; she shut herself up so well, that I roamed in vain about her dwelling for some days without seeing her. It was then that the idea came to me of transforming my uncle's sleeping-room into a study, and of installing my *penates* in the square room, which should become the Blue Room of Blois. From the moment that I became acquainted with the real creator of that pretty room, it became doubly interesting to me, and I began to tax my memory with much ardor. When, after some days, it began to resemble the original, I wrote to Madame de Valdère to come and give me direction and counsel on the spot. I had been so obliging to her, that she thought she could not refuse me. She came, was greatly surprised, very much touched even by my sentimental fancy, and declared that my recollections were very faithful. She permitted me then to go and see her, and showed me my two letters to the un-

known, which the latter when dying had entrusted to her, telling her to burn them after reading them.

"'Why did you not do so?' said I.

"'I know not,' she replied. 'I have always dreamed that I should meet you somewhere, and that I could return them to you.'

"However, she did not return them, and I had no motive to reclaim them. I asked her if she had not a portrait of her friend. 'No,' said she; 'and if I had one, I would not show it to you.'

"'Why? Her distrust survives her; she forbade you—be it so! I will no longer love in the past; I have enough of it. I have been unhappy enough to expiate everything. I have the right to forget my long martyrdom.'

"'Yet the Blue Room!'

"'The Blue Room?—it is you!' I replied. 'It is you, creator and inhabitant of that room, whom in that room I have loved while musing before the apparition of your friend.'

"'Then it also is past!'

"'Why should it not be the present?'

"She reproached me for coming to her house to repeat mere compliments.

"I admitted it was in bad taste, but what could she expect of an old lover of the theatre?

"'Silence!' said she, 'you calumniate yourself! I know you very well; my friend had received letters enough from M. Bellamare to appreciate you, and I, who have read those letters, know who you are. Do not hope to make me doubt it.'

"'Who am I, in your estimation?'

"'A serious and delicate man, who will never lightly show attention to a woman whom he esteems—a man who for three years concealed his love from Imperia, because he respected her. After that, a woman who respects herself, and who knows that, would not willingly accept any mere compliments from you; acknowledge it.'

"I did not then pay my addresses to Madame de Valdère; I do not now do so; but I see her often, and I love her. It seems to me that she also loves me. Perhaps I am a coxcomb; perhaps she feels only friendly to me—like Imperia. It is perhaps my destiny to inspire friendship;—it is sweet, it is pure, it is charming, but that is not enough. I begin to be irritated with that confidence in my loyalty which is not so real as it appears, since it costs me so much. And that is where I am! Loving, timid, and distrustful, impatient and fearful, because—because, must I tell you all? I am as much afraid of being loved as of not being loved. I see that I have to do with a woman thoroughly good and thoroughly virtuous, who would not know what to make of a passing love when she might be mine forever. I aspire to the happiness of possessing such a woman and loving her forever, as I know I am capable of loving. I have only to give her that confidence by avowing to her a real passion, and for two months I have remained there, without the courage to avow it. Can you tell me why?"

"Yes," cried I, "why? Tell me why, my dear Laurence; confess yourself fully."

"Ah! my God," replied he, rising and pacing the Blue Room with much agitation, "because I have contracted in my wandering life a very grave chronic malady, a disposition to wish for the unattainable, a fancy for the impossible, weariness of the real, ideality without a definite end, a thirst for that which is not and cannot be. That which I have dreamed of for twenty years, I dream of ever; that which has fled me, I seek always in the void."

"The glory of the artist! is it that?"

"Perhaps! Unconsciously I have had a certain unquenched ambition. I have believed myself modest because I wished to be so; but my wounded vanity has preyed upon me like those diseases which you do not

notice and which kill you. Yes, it must be that; I wished to be a great artist, and I am only an intelligent critic. I am too cultivated, too much of a reasoner, too philosophical, too reflective; I have not been inspired. I shall do a little of everything very well; I shall be master of nothing. It is a misery to understand the beautiful, to have analyzed it, to know in what it consists, how it blooms, is developed and manifested, and not be able oneself to create it. It is like love, do you see? you feel it, touch it, believe you seize it; it escapes you, it flees you. You stand before the recollection of an ardent dream and a chilling deception."

"Imperia!" said I, "it is Imperia! You are always thinking of her."

"Imperia, insensible, and my ambition deceived—it is all one," replied he. "These two prime elements of vitality are the starting point of my life. I have lost the three finest years of my youth in seeing them escape me day by day, hour by hour. I shall find, perhaps, more desirable blessings; but what I shall not recover is my childlike heart, my persistent hope, my blind confidence, my poetic aspirations, my days of thoughtlessness and my days of restlessness and discontent. All that is at an end, at an end! I am a man grown, and I love a grown woman. I am excellent, she is adorable; we may be very happy. See me rich as a nabob and lodged like a prince! From a pallet of straw I pass to a bed of gold and silk. I can gratify all my fancies, intoxicate myself with wine a hundred years old, have a better harem and one better concealed than that of Prince Klementi. I can have, better than he, a theatre, a hired troupe; my uncle has left me a hundred thousand francs; I shall have art for my money, as I have poetry by right of inheritance, a fine nature where I plant and prune at my will. See! is it not a romantic situation?" added he, drawing the window-curtain, and showing me the

landscape through the clear glass diamonded at the edge by the frost. "Look! I do not like window-blinds! Nothing is sweeter than to look from the chimney-corner at the frost without. The snow falls now only in light flakes which the moon softly silvers. Down there, beneath my park, the Seine, broad as an arm of the sea, runs with a quiet, strong current. Those great dark cedars let fall noiselessly on the snow which covers their feet the heaps of snow which hang upon their branches. It is a beautiful scene charmingly lighted—it is grand and solemn, it is gloomy, it is silent as a cemetery, it is dead like myself!—Oh, Imperia!" As he uttered this name in frantic tones that made the Loves in Saxony porcelain and the Bohemian crystals vibrate on the pier tables, he stamped with his foot like a necromancer who evokes a rebellious spectre; they vibrated again, and again all was silent. With a blow of his fist he dashed in pieces a whole row of precious drinking-cups, then burst into a laugh, saying with bitter indifference: "Do not mind it, I often need to break something!"

"Laurence, my dear Laurence," said I, "you are suffering from a severer malady than I had supposed. This, I see plainly, is not an affectation. You suffer much, and you adopt the wrong remedy. You must quit this solitude, you must travel, but with a companion. You must marry Madame de Valdère, and set out with her."

"If only myself were concerned," he replied, "I should not hesitate, for she pleases me, and I am sure that she is tender and devoted; but if I do not make her happy, if my sorrows and my eccentricities afflict and discourage her! At this moment, she thinks only of curing me of the past; I conceal nothing from her, she exacts it. All that I tell you, she hears; all that I let you see, she sees; all that I suffer, she knows. She questions me, she divines me, she makes me relate

all the feelings of my past and present life. She interests herself in it, she complains of me, consoles me, chides me, and pardons me. She is an angelic soul; she believes she can cure me, and I do nothing. I imagine that she cures me, and I feel that she calms me. She does not trouble herself much about my relapses. She has an unheard of patience! Yes, she is necessary to me, and I could no longer do without the balm which she administers to my wounds; but I fear my love is selfish—odious, perhaps! for, should some one knock at my door in the morning and say: 'Bellamare is below with Imperia; they come for you to play comedy at Candebeec or at Yvetot,' I feel that like a fool I should go down, that I should leap, weeping with joy, into their carriage, and that I should follow them to the end of the world. How, with this madness, am I to swear to a loving woman that I live only for her? No, I am not yet ripe for marriage; it is needless to tell me to hasten."

He was right. We separated at three o'clock in the morning; it was absolutely necessary that I should set out at seven; but I promised him to despatch my business, and to return and pass a week with him.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A REVELATION.

I had been two days at Duclair, and I was breakfasting alone at the inn, having been unable to arrive at the accustomed hour, when I saw enter a man still young—that is to say, not very young, and not very beautiful—that is to say, quite ugly, whose salutation, look, and smile prepossessed me in his favor. He sat down before me, and ate hastily, without appearing to care to what they served him, and all the while consulting a note-book. I took him for a commercial traveller. A certain mixture of sprightliness, banter, and benevolence in his air

and manner made me desire that he would speak to me; but he appeared too well bred to begin the conversation at random, and I undertook to anticipate him by asking him, what I knew well enough, at what hour the steamboat passed for Havre.

"I believe," he replied, "that it passes at two o'clock."

These few words were a flash of light to me; he spoke through the nose! A vague revelation had already been unconsciously made to me. I desired to ask him his name, when I saw him approach with an inkstand, and address a letter which he had drawn from his pocket. I had the indiscretion to cast my eyes upon the letter, and I read there: "*To Monsieur Peter Laurence, at Arvers.*"

"Allow me," I said; "by one of those inadvertencies which cannot be explained, I have just looked at the name you were writing, and I think I must give you a new direction. Laurence is no longer at Arvers."

He looked at me with a penetrating glance, raising his eyes without raising his head, and having assured himself that he had never seen me, but that I had an honest appearance, he begged me to be so kind as to give him Laurence's new address.

"They call him here the Baron Laurence, but he dislikes receiving that title which he has not inherited in a right line. He lives at his *chateau*, the *chateau* of his late uncle, some hours from here."

"He is then an heir?"

"Certainly, he has an income of a hundred thousand livres."

"How he will laugh at my letter! No matter, will you tell me the name of the *chateau*?"

"Bertheville."

"Ah! 'tis true, I recollect," said the gay man, writing and smiling to the ears. "What a stroke of fortune! That dear child—see him rich and happy! He has well merited it."

"He is not so happy, perhaps, as you think, Monsieur Bellamare!"

"Ah! so you know me, then!"

"You see!"

"And he?"

"He is my friend."

"Oh! then—I know that you are an inspector of finance—they have told me so at the inn; you will have the goodness to charge yourself with this—a draft for five thousand francs—which I have owed to him for some years. I know that he will not require the interest of me."

"Nor the principal. I assure you that he will not receive it. No matter, I know your delicacy. I will take the draft to him. Where can I return it to you?"

"I do not wish him to return it to me. If he is rich, he must be generous. There are poor persons, poorer than I and my comedians; but shall I not be able to see him? Would he not receive his old friend, his old director?—Laurence was one of those hearts that cannot change."

"Dear Monsieur Bellamare, he would welcome you only too warmly; but ought you to rekindle the fire that smoulders under the ashes?"

"What do you mean?"

"May I ask you if Mademoiselle Imperia still belongs to your company?"

"Imperia? why, yes, certainly. I expect her in an hour with the rest of my associates."

"Leon, Moranbois, Anna, and Lambesq?"

"Ah! so you know us all?"

"Laurence has related to me his whole life in its minutest details. Are Lucinde and Régina still with you?"

"No, they did not follow us to America, where we have just passed two years, and organized about our little nucleus troupes to meet from place to place; but my five associates have never quitted me."

"And Purpurin is always at your service?"

"Always; he will die by my side. Poor Purpurin!"

"What then?"



"We have had many adventures—it is our destiny; among others, an encounter with some savages, converted and civilized by missionaries, who wanted to scalp us. Purpurin left them a little of his hair, and the skin with it. We arrived in time to recover the rest. He is cured; but that little operation and the fright he received did not sensibly expand his understanding. He ought to give up declamation, which, after all, is not an evil. But tell me of Laurence. Is he always thinking of Imperia?"

"More than ever."

"The devil!"

"She has never loved him?"

"Yes, indeed; I believe she has."

"And now?"

"She denies it, as ever."

"Why?"

"Ah! that is it—why! I cannot tell you; perhaps the dread of a life unsuited to her tastes and habits as an artist."

"But now he is rich."

"Would he marry her now?"

"I am sure of it."

Bellamare became very pale, and walked with agitation the length of the table.

"To lose Imperia," said he, "is to lose all; for she has much talent to-day, and by her courage, her friendship, her devotion, her intelligence, she is the nerve, she is the soul of all our lives. To separate her from us is to crush us all; and I, myself—" He stopped, choked by an inward sob, which he stifled by walking anew about the room.

"Hear me," said I; "I no more think than you do that he should marry Mademoiselle Valclos. The unknown of Blois is dead, but—"

"Dead? what a pity!"

"But she has left a friend, a female confidante, who loves Laurence, who lives near him, and whom Laurence would marry if he could forget Imperia. I am persuaded that that marriage would be much better suited to both."

"Tell me, then," replied Bellamare, interrupting me, "how long has Madame de Valdère been dead?"

"Madame de Valdère?"

"Ah! yes, her name has escaped me; but what matters that, now that the poor unknown is no longer of this world? She was so honest a woman, so chaste and so good! You are not the man to betray that secret?"

"No, certainly; but I do not understand at all what you say to me. Madame de Valdère is by no means dead; it is she who is the neighbor, the friend, the confidante, almost the affianced, of Laurence."

"Well!—Ah, I have it— No, wait! Have you seen her—that neighbor?"

"Not yet. I know that she is tall, beautiful—"

"And very fair?"

"No, white, with brown hair, according to what Laurence has told me."

"Oh! she has hair that is always of any color one pleases! Her Christian name?"

"Jeanne."

"It is she! Widow? without children? very rich? twenty-eight to thirty years old?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Laurence told me all that."

"Well, it is she. I swear to you it is she! And Laurence does not suspect that the friend of his unknown is his unknown herself, who passes for dead? That youth will always be ingenuous and modest even to blindness! Oh! that is something which greatly changes the situation, my dear sir! Laurence is a man of much imagination. When he shall know the truth, he will love anew that which he loved in romantic circumstances. He will love the unknown, he will forget Imperia."

"And that will be better for him, for her, for Imperia, and for you all."

"Yes, certainly! Madame de Valdère must be told that the deception

has lasted long enough, and that she must reveal herself to Laurence, because there is danger in delay, because Imperia is returning. I have not announced myself anywhere. The provincial journals have not printed my name. Disembarking two days ago at Havre, I wished to reach Rouen without giving any representations during the journey. I am doing still better; I pass unperceived, and I am going away to perform as far from it as possible. You will not speak to Laurence of our meeting, you will not mention my name; for some months he may believe that I am still in Canada. See that he marries Madame de Valdère in a few weeks, and all is saved."

"Then you must go away soon? Laurence may possibly come to see me here, where he comes often. He may appear to us any moment. What would you do then?"

"I would tell him that Imperia remained in America, married to a *milionnaire*."

"But may she not appear at the same moment? Did you not tell me that you expected her?"

"Yes, we ought to stop here; I had to see a certain person in this vicinity, a friend who does not expect me, who will not know that I have passed. This is what I have decided: I am going to meet my troupe in advance, that it may not enter this city. Adieu! thanks! Permit me to squeeze your hand and to save myself very quickly."

"Receive back your money," said I, "since it is necessary that Laurence should not know of our interview. You have time to adjust that account with him."

"That is correct; again adieu."

"Do you forbid my following you? I confess I have a foolish desire to see Moranbois, Leon —"

"That is to say, Imperia? Come along, you shall see them all; but do not speak to them of Laurence."

"That is understood."

I took my hat, and we both started for the country. Bellamare, seeing a man that let carriages, stopped and bargained with him for a large omnibus, which was hastily got ready; we leaped in, and took the road to Candebec. "This omnibus," said he, "is going to receive my people and my baggage, who will be transported over the road, without our having to return to the city. I will say to my comrades that the friend whom I wished to see at Duclair no longer lives there, that the inn is poor and dear, and we will proceed immediately for Rouen by way of Barentin, where we take the railway."

After travelling a quarter of an hour, during which I fully informed Bellamare of the state of mind in which I had left Laurence, we met with another omnibus which was bringing the company. Bellamare went to give them the prepared explanations, and I set myself to aid in the transfer of the women and the baggage, that I might have an opportunity to observe all these personages of Laurence's *comic* romance, who keenly interested me.

The first person who sprang lightly and without precaution upon the road still full of snow, was the little Imperia. She was very short and very small indeed, that woman who had held so great a place in the life of my friend. Squeezed into her little travelling-dress, her hair rolled under her microscopic false astrakan head-dress, she looked like a young girl who was going away to spend her vacation; but, viewing her more closely, I saw that she was quite thirty, and that she had lost all freshness. In spite of her pure and regular features, she did not seem to me pretty. Anna, the blonde, was a little fat for one who personates artless girls, and her cheeks, marbled by the cold, had a very sad expression. She bore in her arms a large child. Moranbois, wholly bald, and wearing always an otter cap, found means to

treat me brutally when I offered to aid him in carrying a great trunk which proved to me that the strength of this Hercules had not diminished, in spite of time, travels, and adventures. Lambesq was large and ugly; he walked sideways, like a crab, and complained of having still in his legs the roll of the sea-voyage. Purpurin, scalped, wore a false *toupet*, which was taken, doubtless, from the properties of the theatre, and which did not match well with his hair. Truly, they were not beautiful, those poor travelling artists, who seemed so interesting and so marked in the recitals of Laurence. I had leisure to examine them, whilst Moranbois, who had charge of the accounts, quarrelled with the drivers, threatening with one arm, and with the other carrying Anna's baby. Imperia approached Bellamare, who was troubled about her, and swore to him in a decided and playful manner that she was well, and was delighted to see the earth and trees, even the leafless trees, after twenty-eight days on the ocean. She admired Normandy; she decidedly preferred the North to the warm countries. Finally, she chatted near me for some moments, and I understood her charm and her power. In speaking she was transfigured; her wearied features resumed their elasticity. The leanness disappeared; the transparent fineness of the skin was colored with a peculiar color midway between marble and life. She had also magnificent teeth, and her eyes had a penetrating brilliancy which might well become irresistible. She was one of those beings who do not strike, but who fascinate.

Bellamare also appeared to me rejuvenated since the first moment when he appeared to me. After some minutes Leon made the same impression upon me. I noticed particularly these results of a life of excessive nervous agitation. Such persons have no age. They appear always older or younger than they are. When I saw

them go, it seemed to me that I should like to follow them to study them more; and then I was moved as I reflected upon their misery and their honesty. They seemed to lack the means to pay their carriage hire, and they brought back five thousand francs to Laurence.

I returned to the inn, where Laurence punctually awaited me. How far was he from suspecting the thunderbolt which had just passed so near him! That morning he was occupied only with Madame de Valdère. She had appeared to him sad and discouraged since our interview of two days ago. The truth was, that he himself, agitated by his outpourings to me, had exhibited to her an increased melancholy. Now he was afraid that she would abandon him. He imagined that she was mysteriously preparing to fly from him forever, and he was furious and disconsolate.

"Women," said he, "have only pride, and no real pity."

He begged me to go and live with him. I had business only during certain hours of the day. He promised to carry me to it and bring me back daily in a carriage swift as the wind.

"It is, however, a pleasure," said I, returning with him to Bertheville in a carriage flexible as a bow, drawn by three fine horses; "it is a real pleasure thus to fly over the snow and ice, with the feet upon an excellent furnace, the knees wrapped in a silky fur robe."

"With a friend near me," said he, squeezing my hand. "In that only is a man's pleasure; the rest is a prince's pleasure, and I was born a peasant. The joltings of a cart to the trot of an old mule are better for health. I have no appetite nor sleep now. Destiny is a fool that is always blundering, loading those who ask nothing of it, and disappointing those who invoke its aid."

In the evening he conducted me to

Madame de Valdère's, and presented me as his only friend.

"Only? Are Bellamare, Leon, and — the others, dead?" she asked, in a tender tone.

"It is always as to-day," replied Laurence; "I have not thought of them during the day, and I see not why the following days should not be like this."

Madame de Valdère turned to serve the tea; but I saw a ray of joy upon her beautiful features. Laurence had not overcharged his picture of her; her beauty, her freshness, the perfection of her form, the striking charms of her physiognomy, were incontestable; her hair was naturally brown. Afterwards, when I asked her why Laurence and Bellamare had deemed her complexion blonde, she told me that at that period she had had for some time a fancy for a gold powder, which began to be fashionable. This circumstance had aided in disguising her in the memory of Laurence. In an instant I saw that she loved him desperately and absolutely. I wished to be alone with her; but it was impossible without Laurence's perceiving it. I adopted the expedient of writing to her as I sat. While drawing in an album, I traced these words, which I secretly sent to her: "I cannot disclose your secret without your consent. Tell Laurence the truth. He must have it!"

She went out to read the note, and returned a little troubled. She had not the self-possession and the experience of her age; she had still the feelings and the candor of early youth. Laurence was her first, her only love.

She asked of him a book which he had promised to bring her. He had forgotten it. He pretended to have left it in the pocket of his great-coat, and went out as if to seek it in the ante-room; but he left the house, sprang on foot through the snow and the darkness, and ran home to find the book. We heard him go out.

"We are alone," said Madame de Valdère to me; "speak quick."

I told her all that had passed during the day.

"So," said she, "they are gone? Imperia will not see him? she will not know that she is still loved, that he is rich, that she can make him happy? I cannot accept that. I will not be indebted for Laurence to a surprise, to a lie,—for silence would be one. If he must always love Made-moiselle Valclos, my destiny must be accomplished. There is time yet. He has promised me nothing; I have made no avowal to him, and given him no authority over my life. I will go away; you shall make Bellamare's troupe come here, and if that trial does not drive me from Laurence's heart, I will return. Tell him immediately that he can rejoin them at Rouen. He will go, I am very sure of it. I will withdraw myself till I know my fate. Whatever it may be, I shall bear it with courage and dignity."

She burst into tears. In vain did I combat her resolution. However, I gained her consent that Laurence should know his unknown before being subjected to the decisive proof. I persuaded her to go and put on some gold powder and a dark mantle, in order to show herself as she appeared when he had a glimpse of her in the Blue Room.

When she returned, a blonde and veiled, I made her turn her back to the door by which Laurence was to enter, and then I withdrew. He met me, out of breath and bringing the volume. I told him that I was afflicted with a violent headache, and that his neighbor had permitted me to retire.

He returned home very late; I was abed. He came and threw himself upon my neck; he was drunk with love and happiness. Bellamare was not deceived. The man of imagination had resumed his normal existence. He adored two women in Madame de Valdère—the unknown

who had made him dream, the friend who had generously labored to cure him. He wished to marry her on the morrow. He would have done it, had the thing been possible.

Had she revealed to him the fact that Imperia had passed by? He did not tell me a word about it, and I dared not question him. I confess that, seeing the intoxication of Laurence, and hearing him declare the plans of an amorous *millionnaire* who will load his idol with gifts, I thought with a kind of pain of the poor little comedian who was going away, without gloves and almost without mantle, over the snow, to seek a cruel employment, with her talent, her nerves, her will, her smile and her tears, at command, for her whole capital in all future time. Till then I had pitilessly labored for her rival. I was surprised to find the latter too easily happy. Left alone, I could not sleep. I was a prey to a strange uncertainty, and I asked myself if I had the right to do as I had done.

I dressed, and as I viewed the rising of a beautiful winter's sun by my window, I saw in the court a man wrapped in a goat's skin, and wearing a woollen cap, who resembled a mariner of the Seine, and who made signs to me. I went down, and, coming near to him, recognized Bellamare.

"Conduct me," he said, "to Madame de Valdère's. I must speak to her without the knowledge of Laurence. I know that he retired late; we shall have time. I will tell you on the way what brings me hither."

I pointed out the way to him, ran to get a garment, and then rejoined him.

"You see," said he, "I have retraced my steps. At Barentin I embarked all my people for Rouen. I travelled all night in a bad coach; but I was tormented. I had a fever; I did not feel the cold. I had resolved to do a bad deed, an act of cowardice, through selfishness! I cannot accom-

plish it. It would be the first of my life. Imperia has always made sacrifices for her friends. She might have been engaged at Paris, had great successes, and made her fortune there, or, at least, found there an easy and tranquil existence. She has refused, in order not to leave us. You know how she acted when she was loaded with the gifts of Prince Klementi and his guests. You have guessed that she refused the love of Laurence in order to consecrate herself to us. That cannot last forever. She is now thirty years old. She is weak, exhausted. Our little society will never make its fortune; our life will be an eternal pulling at the oar. After a few years spent in laughing and singing, she will succumb to the toil; it is thus that we finish!—and now she can have an income of a hundred thousand livres, and an excellent, charming husband, who will always love her, who will be happy in making her happy. And I would hide him from her! No; I must not, I cannot. I wish to see Madame de Valdère, for I once swore to her to serve her cause. She must know that I abandon her, that I must abandon her. She is a great-hearted woman, I know. I have mused over the matter more than once since the adventure at Blois, and I had always thought I could give her some hope. All has changed since the time when Imperia took leave of Laurence with a pain which it was impossible for her to conceal from me. It was at that epoch that we set out for America. I did not then see the Countess again. She was travelling. I knew not where to write to her. It is necessary that she should know all, and that, in her extreme delicacy, she should speak. As to myself, it is certain that I cannot deceive Imperia, and that I will not. After that, let these two women dispute the heart of my late young chief, or let the most generous yield to the other. I am concerned no longer; I shall have done my duty."

I was too much of Bellamare's mind to contradict him. We caused Madame de Valdère to be waked. She heard us with tears, and remained without strength, without speech, without resolution, and without defence. She was weak and admirable, for she had not a word of complaint. She concerned herself only for the happiness of Laurence, and expressed herself thus:

"I know that he loves me,—I am sure of it now. He told me of it last evening with a passion so convincing that I should not respect him if I doubted it; but he has been sick so long in mind and heart, that I shall not be surprised to see him escape me yet. I have not the right to revolt against this fatal thing. I accepted it in advance when I came to establish myself near him with the intention of making myself loved for myself, without fiction and without poetry. In passing myself for a friend of his unknown, I wished to know fully and to understand the sentiment he had for her. I saw that that love was only a passing emotion, a chapter in the romance of his life, although he spoke of it with respect and gratitude. I feared then that I should appear to him too romantic in betraying myself, and, to give him the confidence in me which he lacked, I showed him that I knew how to be a disinterested, generous, and tender friend. He understood it; but that friendship was too new to banish the memory of Imperia. I felt it, I saw it. I wished still to wait, to keep myself free with respect to him, to give him such affection as I must, and to confess to him the past only in giving him the future. Yesterday I was forced to betray myself. He has been intoxicated, exalted,—and I have been cowardly. I have been unable to resolve to confess to him that Imperia was near by. You come this morning to tell me that I must be sincere, and push the trial to the very end. Well, you crush me. I have been so happy in

seeing him happy at my feet! No matter, you are right. My conscience obeys yours. I will do all you may wish."

And again she wept sincerely, and like one speaking from a full heart; she made Bellamare weep.

"Let us see, dear Madame," said I. "I am not sentimental, and not at all romantic, and yet I feel that you are an angel, the good angel of Laurence, probably; but, acting in your interest, ought we to expose you to any reproach in the future, should he discover the truth in three particulars, which is that Imperia has returned, that she is free, and that she perhaps loves him? Do you not fear that on some day when his nerves are disordered, some rainy day in the country, one of those days when for the merest nothing one would commit a crime, he may complain of our silence, and of yours particularly?"

"The question is not about me," said she; "do not trouble yourself about me! I am of a faithful and meditative nature; mine is not an exuberant spirit. I have waited a long time, and during a long time I have lived on a dream which has often disappeared and returned by crises. I have travelled, I have instructed myself, I have calmed myself, I have formed other plans; and if I have been unable to love any other man than Laurence, it has been in spite of myself. I had wished to forget him. Whatever may happen, I shall not kill myself; and I shall restrain myself from violent despair. I shall always have had three months of happiness in my life, and some hours of pure and perfect joy last night. That which it imports us to know, that which I wish to know absolutely, is—which of us, Imperia or I, will give the most happiness to Laurence."

"And how shall we know it?" said Bellamare, who had fallen back into his perplexities. "Who can read the future? She who will make him happiest is she who will love him most."



"No," replied Madame de Valdère, "for she who will love him most will be she who will sacrifice herself. Hear: it is necessary to get out of this difficulty. I wish to see Imperia. I wish her to explain herself; I have the right to preserve Laurence from a new suffering, if she loves him little or none."

"How can all that be arranged without his perceiving it?" said Bellamare. "Is he not every day at your house?"

"I have at this moment complete command of him," replied the Countess. "Yesterday he begged me to fix the day of our marriage. I am going to send him to Paris after my papers. I will tell my notary, by telegraph, to make him wait some days for them. Go to Rouen for Imperia, and swear to me that you will not tell her anything yet. It is by me, by me only, that she must learn the truth."

Bellamare swore, and immediately started off. I went to wake Laurence, who ran immediately to her whom he called his affianced, and with whom he was from this time desperately enamored. She had the courage to conceal from him her agitations, her terrors, and to appear to yield to his impatience. At evening he started for Paris.

In the night the train which took him to Rouen must cross the track of that which took Bellamare and Imperia to Barentin.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A PROBLEM SOLVED—IMPERIA'S STORY.

The latter reached us on the next morning. I waited for them at Madame de Valdère's, ready to withdraw when they should approach.

"No," she said; "Imperia does not know you, and would be embarrassed in explaining herself before you; but I desire you to give an account to Laurence, a minute and faithful account of this interview.

Step into my boudoir, where you will be able to hear all. Hear us, take notes in case of need; I require it."

I obeyed. Imperia entered alone. Bellamare, not wishing to obstruct the communications of the two women, ascended to the apartment prepared for him. Madame de Valdère received Imperia by stretching out both hands and embracing her.

"Monsieur Bellamare," said she, "must have given you some intimation?"

"He told me," replied Imperia, in her clear and steady voice, "that a charming, good, beautiful, and well-informed lady had seen me formerly on the boards—I know not where!—and deigned to take me into her friendship; that that lady, knowing me to be in the neighborhood, desired to see me to make to me an important communication. I had confidence, and I have come."

"Yes," replied Madame de Valdère, whose voice trembled; "you were right. I have had the greatest esteem for you—but you are fatigued, it is perhaps a little too soon—"

"No, Madame, I am never fatigued."

"You are cold—"

"I am used to all."

"Take a cup of chocolate which I have had prepared for you."

"I see also some tea. I should prefer it."

"I am going to serve you; let me do it. Poor child! How rough is the life you lead for a person so delicate!"

"I have never complained of it."

"You were reared in comfort, in luxury even; I know your birth."

"How good you are! we will not speak of that; I never speak of it."

"I know it; but I have the right to put a question to you. Should you become wealthy, would you not quit the theatre with pleasure?"

"No, Madame, never."

"It is, then, a passion?"

"Yes, a passion."

"Exclusive of every other?"

Imperia was silent.

"Pardon me," replied Madame de Valdère, in a voice indicating still deeper emotion. "I am indiscreet; I am condemned to be so. My duty is to interrogate you, and to obtain your confidence without reserve. If you refuse me—but do you not see already that you would be wrong, that I am a sincere person? Hold! do not take me for a convert; it is a thing very different! I am the devoted friend of a man who has loved you much, and who, become very rich, could love you still—"

"It is of Laurence that you speak to me, Madame; I learned yesterday, by people who were talking in the wagon where I was, that the late comedian had inherited a great fortune."

"Ah! well?"

"Well! what? I rejoice at it for him."

"And for you?"

"For me? Is that what you would know? Well, no, Madame, I have not thought of myself."

"You have never loved him, then?" cried Madame de Valdère, who could not restrain her joy.

"I have always tenderly loved him, and his memory will always be dear to me," replied Imperia with firmness, "but I have not wished to be his mistress, not wishing to become his wife."

"Why, have you retained the prejudices of birth?"

"I never had them."

"Were you really engaged?"

"So far as concerns myself, yes."

"Are you so still?"

"Always."

The Countess could no longer restrain herself; she clasped Mademoiselle de Valclos in her arms.

"I see, Madame," said the latter, "that you take in me an interest of which I am not the principal object. Permit me to assure you fully, and to tell you very truly that another

affection separates me forever from Laurence."

"Well! save him, save me altogether; see him, and tell it to him, to himself—"

"To what purpose? I told it to him so seriously when we saw each other at Clermont for the last time."

"But you wept then; he believed that you loved him."

"He told you that?"

"It was Bellamare who told it to me."

"Ah! yes, Bellamare believes also that I loved Laurence!"

"And that you love him still."

"He will soon be disabused; but, tell me, Madame, if my answer had been contrary to what it has just proved, what would you have done?"

"My dear child, I had formed a great resolution, and I should have kept it. I should have gone away without reproach, without weakness, and without resentment against you."

"You are the unknown of Blois?"

"Bellamare has so told you?"

"No, I guess it."

"It is I, indeed; by what do you recognize me?"

"By your generosity! It is not the first time you were ready to act thus. Did you not write to Bellamare? Did you not charge him to speak to me of you?"

"Yes. He did it?"

"He did it without telling me your name, which I have known only today. In the carriage where I learned the brilliant position of Laurence, some one said: 'He will marry his neighbor, Madame de Valdère.' Be happy, then, without scruple and without fear, dear Madame. I learned that with great pleasure. I love Laurence as a brother."

"Swear it, dear child; it was as for a brother that you shed those tears?"

"I see that those tears will rest on your heart. My confidence must respond to yours. You shall know all in a few words, for you know all my

life, except the secret history of my sentiment."

"Tell, tell me all!" cried Madame de Valdère.

Imperia reflected a moment, and thus recounted her history:

"You know how and why I entered upon the stage. Laurence must have told you. I wished to support my father, and in spite of all the changes of my life, I succeeded in giving him to his last day as much happiness as he could enjoy in the state of mild madness into which he had fallen. I went every year to see him. He did not recognize me; but I assured myself that he lacked nothing, and I returned tranquil. It is to Bellamare that I am indebted for the ability to discharge this duty, and it is of Bellamare that I am going to speak to you.

"When, for the first time, I went secretly to find him to ask him to make an artist of me, he was not unknown to me. He had come to mount and to direct a comedy by children and intimate friends which we were preparing at Valclos for my poor father's birthday. I was twelve years old. Bellamare was still young. His comic ugliness amused me much at first; then his wit, his goodness, his tenderness and graciousness to the children, captivated my child's heart, and took possession of it forever."

"What!" cried Madame de Valdère, "it is Bellamare whom you love? Is it possible?"

"It is he," firmly replied Mademoiselle de Valclos; "it is that poor man who has always been ugly, who will soon be old, and who will always remain poor. Look at me! I shall soon be like him; time has well effaced the difference! When I was twelve he was thirty, and my eyes did not calculate. When he had made me repeat my part and study my gestures, and when he had encouraged me like a father by telling me that I was born an artist, I was filled with a lofty

pride, and the memory of the man who had spoken to me the word of my destiny was imprinted on my brain like the touch of a mysterious spirit come from another sphere to inform me of my vocation. The day when he quitted Valclos, the little boys whom he had made play in our comedy threw themselves upon his neck. He was so good, so gay; he governed them so well by amusing them, that all adored him. He came to me and said: 'Mademoiselle Jeanne, do not fear! I will not ask of you permission to embrace you! I am too ugly, and you are too pretty; but my hand is not so ugly as my face—will you place your little hand in it?'

"I was moved; his hand was very beautiful. I forgot his figure. I threw my arms about his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks. His face was soft and smooth. From that moment he has never appeared to me ugly.

"When he had gone, they talked much of him at our house. My father, who was a man of merit, highly lettered, had the greatest respect for the intelligence and sentiments of Bellamare. He treated him as a serious man, and regarded him as a true artist. Bellamare had much success in our province, where he was then giving representations. My parents were often present at them. I obtained a day to accompany them. He played Figaro. He was well costumed, personated the old man well, was full of vivacity, of elegance, and of grace; to me he appeared charming. Even his faults, his bad voice, pleased me. It was impossible for me to separate his physical disadvantages from his qualities. He was applauded passionately. I was exalted by his success; I was permitted to throw him a bouquet, of which the band bore these words: '*The little Jeanne to her Professor.*' He put the bouquet to his lips, regarding me with a tender expression. I was drunk with pride. My little cousins shared

in my intoxication; they knew the renowned actor, the applauded, triumphant artist! They had played with him, they had spoken familiarly with him; he had gravely called them '*My dear comrades*.' One could not prevent them from going between the acts to embrace him in the side-scenes. He sent them a photograph for me, which represented him in his pretty costume of Figaro, and he said to them: 'You will counsel your cousin to look at that phiz whenever she shall have any little vexation; it will give her an inclination to laugh.'

"He was far from being grotesque in that character, and the luck of photography had also flattered him. I received the photograph with pride, I kept it with a religious care; not only was he no longer ugly to me,—I regarded him as beautiful.

"Love is more precocious in young girls than is supposed. I was a child, I did not fall in love through the senses; but my imagination was invaded by a type, and my heart dominated by a preference. I made no mystery of it; I was too innocent for that. My friends gave themselves no uneasiness about it; they attached no importance to it, and as they spoke of Bellamare only to laud his honesty, his literary knowledge, his good-breeding, and the charm of his conversation, nothing impugned my ideal.

"On reaching the age of reason, I no longer spoke of him, but I longed to be an actress. Every year a new comedy was played for my father's birthday. Bellamare was no longer there, but I strove to play better and better. People found me a remarkable player; I believed it, I rejoiced at it. I had taste only for theatrical literature; I learned and knew by heart the whole classical repertory. I even wrote some little comedies that were silly enough, and I composed some verses, very clumsy no doubt, but which my good father thought ad-

mirable. He encouraged my taste and suspected nothing.

"You know under what mournful circumstances I went to seek Bellamare, to confide to him my misfortunes and my plans. At that secret interview, I saw him profoundly moved; at my first approach he seemed to have grown very old. His tender and brilliant look rejuvenated him in my eyes. It was then only that I became aware of the sentiment with which he inspired me, and I felt a shiver of fright when I felt that he could divine me.

"He had loved me, passionately loved me, I know, now that I have seen him love other women; but his love was a sudden outburst, and ceased as soon as it was sated. Bellamare is the true artist of another period, with all the ardent qualities, all the artless oddities, all the impulses, all the feelings of lassitude, which a life of carelessness and of excessive excitement can produce. He would have loved and disappointed, aided and assisted me, but forgotten me like the rest. Had I fastened him, he would not have married me: he was married—

"I did not perceive all that at first, but I was afraid of myself, and in recovering myself I showed him so much firmness in my principles of honor, that he suddenly changed his look and tone. He swore that he would be my father, and he has kept his word.

"And I—I have always loved him, though he has made me suffer much by leading under my eyes the life of a man of pleasure. Never speaking of his adventures, he has much restraint and modesty, yet is not able always to conceal his emotions. There have been long intervals when I have believed that I no longer loved him, and when I have applauded myself for having intrusted my secret to no one. My pride, too often wounded, is the simple cause of my invincible discreetness. If I had avowed the

truth to Laurence or to everybody else, I should have seen them laugh bitterly at my folly. I could not make up my mind to be ridiculous. My silence and the persistence of my affection have prevented me from being so. Bellamare, not suspecting the nature of my attachment, has never been embarrassed toward me.

"A single disturbance has been produced in the equilibrium in which I have kept myself. My love for Laurence has troubled me and made me suffer. I have promised to tell you all; I will conceal nothing.

"The first time I noticed him he did not please me. When, from childhood, one has chosen as his favorite type of physiognomy one that is smiling and caressing, beautiful features with a sad expression—that slightly menacing expression which a restrained love gives—cause more fright than sympathy. I was very sincere in telling Laurence that I did not love beautiful young men. I was touched by his devotion, I appreciated his noble character; but when you saw him at Blois, I felt absolutely no more regard for him than for Leon, although his society was more agreeable, and pleased me more. When he quitted us I did not miss him much. When I found him again severely sick at Paris, I took care of him as I would have taken care of Leon or Moranbois. The poor take care of each other without any of those prudent reserves which the rich can maintain toward each other even at the death-bed. We poor people cannot, to much extent, supply our places with others; we assist each other personally; perhaps we love each other the more for it.

"You must also have learned by Laurence, what an unreserved, familiar, confiding friendship the life in common causes to flourish among the members of a theatrical company. They quarrel much, every reconciliation drawing closer the fraternal tie; they take offence at a trifle, they ask

pardon to excess. Our association experienced great crosses. You know our shipwreck, the tragic death of Marco, our adventures with the brigands, our reverses, our dangers, our sufferings, all the causes of exaltation which made of that friendship of many persons a kind of collective intoxication. It was at that epoch, it was on the return from that exciting campaign, that Laurence's love began to trouble me. I saw clearly that he had not vanquished it, and that he suffered from it continually. When he came to tell me of it openly, I had suffered on my own account in his absence. Here is what had happened:

"Bellamare had greatly afflicted me without knowing it. He had learned the death of his wife. He had spoken of remarrying, to have a friend, a companion, a perpetual associate, and he had ingenuously consulted me, telling me that he had thought of Anna. She was very young for him, he said, but she had had many loves, and two children. She must long for a tranquil life, for by nature she was wise. With a good husband she would be gayly tranquil and without regret.

"I did not show any spite. I spoke to Anna, who burst into roars of laughter; she adored Bellamare, but with a filial regard. It was a woman of the age and turn of Régine who was suited, she said, to our well-beloved director.

"I hung down my head; but when I gave this answer to Bellamare, he hardly knew of what I was speaking. He had forgotten his fancy. He laughed at marriage; he declared that he could not have a faithful wife, because it would have been necessary to preach by example. He said that in speaking to me of Anna the evening before, his head was completely turned by the rôle of husband which he had just played in the Gabrielle of Emile Augier. He had longed for a family; he adored children. He had

never had any. That was why he thought of marriage *at least once every ten years*.

"I found myself fooled and humiliated. I swore that he should never suspect my love. Meanwhile Laurence arrived, and his passion astonished me. I felt that I was a woman, that I was ever alone in life, that happiness had perhaps come to me, that my refusal was unjust and cruel, that I was going to break the most generous, the most faithful, and the purest of hearts. I ought to say: 'Yes, let us set out together.'

"But that lasted but an instant, for while Laurence was speaking to me, I saw Bellamare, wandering at a distance, with a broken-down aspect; and I said to myself that in giving myself to another love, it was necessary to abjure, to bury forever, that which had filled my life with courage, with honor, and with labor. That man whom I loved from my childhood, who had loved me so sacredly in spite of the levity of his manners, who worshipped me as a divinity, and who did not love me because he loved me too much—I must never see again. That immense respect which he had had for me, he would never have for another. That devotedness which I had had for him in every hour of trial, in what woman's heart would he find it again? When one spoke to any other woman of loving Bellamare, she laughed! I alone was obstinate enough to wish to be the companion of his misery, the support of his old age, the rehabilitation of his ugliness. I alone, who had never inspired him with passion—I knew the chaste, religious, and truly grand side of that changeful soul, ardently enamored of the ideal. I saw his eyes grow hollow, his laugh become less free; and I observed his moments of deep lassitude, which rendered his play less neat, his paroxysms of feeling more nervous, sometimes fantastic. Bellamare was beginning to feel discouraged, for he

pressed me to marry Laurence, and I perceived in him a kind of despair, like that of a father who casts his only daughter into the arms of the husband who is going to take her away forever.

"I saw the future—the troupe soon disunited, the association broken, Bellamare alone, seeking new companions, falling into the hands of sharpers and rogues. I knew well that my influence over him and over the rest—the support I had always lent to the severe economies of Moranbois, the gentleness I had used to calm the secret and ever-springing bitterness of Leon, my remonstrances with Anna to prevent her from running away with the first comer—alone had kept together for a long time the loosening chain of which I was always patiently reuniting the links. And I was going to quit that good man, that noble artist, that tender father, that friend of fifteen years, because he was less young and less beautiful than Laurence!

"I was horrified at that thought; I wept foolishly without being able to conceal it from him whom my self-love regretted and whom my firmness injured; but, at the very time I wept before him, at the very time I was sobbing on the bosom of Bellamare, who knew not what it meant, I renewed to God my oath that I would never leave him, and I consoled myself at the departure of Laurence, for I was satisfied with myself.

"And now that three years have run by since my sacrifice, three years which certainly must have cured Laurence, and during which I must have been more than ever necessary and useful to Bellamare—for I have seen him finally reach maturity, preoccupy himself with the morrow out of affection for me, deprive himself of vain pleasures to take care of me when I was suffering, renounce the intoxications which once had dominion over him, through fear of squandering the personal resources which he wished to consecrate to me—in a word, act



like a prudent and self-restrained man, the thing most impossible for him, with the single design of helping me in the hour of need—it is now that I would regret not being made rich by the act of another! I would avow to Laurence that I had been able to love him, I would return to him because he has inherited property from his uncle! And you would esteem me! and he could esteem me still! and I should not be ashamed of myself! No, Madame, fear nothing; I have studied Chimène in the text too much not to have understood and adopted the Spanish device—*soy quien soy*. I remember too well that I had a father who was an honorable man, to be wanting in dignity. I have loved Bellamare too well to lose the habit of preferring him to all else. You can say to Laurence all that I have just said to you; you may even add that at present I am sure of Bellamare, and that I expect at the earliest moment to offer him my hand. And if it is true, if it is possible that Laurence has still some emotion in recalling the past, be assured that he loves Bellamare too well to be jealous of him who was his best friend. At present embrace me without effort and without fear, and count on having in me a heart earnestly devoted to your cause, and most disinterested in view of your happiness."

"Ah! my dear Imperia," cried the Countess, who embraced her, "what a woman you are! In my days of pride I have often represented myself to my own eyes as a great heroine of romance! How far have I always been from you—I, who placed my glory in knowing how to wait afar off without danger, whilst you consecrated yourself to the martyrdom of waiting with the spectacle of so many disenchantments before your eyes! When I waited thus, I knew that Laurence, retired into his village, and sacrificing everything to filial duty, was unconsciously purifying himself and rendering himself worthy of me.

And you, following the steps of him you love, see his faults, you see his miseries, and you are not discouraged!"

"Speak no more of me," said Imperia, "let us think of what you must do that we may all be happy."

"I will speak to Bellamare," quickly replied Madame de Valdère.

It was useless. Bellamare had rejoined me in the boudoir. He had heard all; he was, as it were, choked by the surprise; then, suddenly seized with a great exaltation, he darted into the room, and, addressing Madame de Valdère and Imperia:—"Oh! noble women!" cried he, "how cruel you are without knowing it! What faults, what defilements you would spare us, if you took us for what we are in love, children ready to receive the impulse which one gives them! Imperia! Imperia! if I had suspected sooner! That is the result of defending one's self too much from conceitedness! that is the consequence of being neither a self-seeker, nor an egoist, nor a calculator, in anything! How thou hast punished me for it—thou who by a word might have rendered me worthy of thee ten years sooner! And now, behold I am old, I am perhaps unworthy of the happiness which thou wishest to bestow on me! No! I do not believe it yet; I am unwilling that you should believe it. Ah! that dream of which I have never dared to speak, I have indulged a thousand times, and thou hast not suspected it. I have loved thee madly, Imperia,—loved thee ill, I admit, since I thought only of forgetting it, or of defending myself from it by all means. I wished to marry thee to Laurence, I wished to divert myself with the pleasures that intoxicate, and which are soon over. Thou hast permitted all this, when thou couldst so easily have withdrawn me from it. What, then, is woman's pride? A great and beautiful thing, I admit, but a punishment of which we know only the rigor, and see not the utility.

Confess that thou hast too much doubted me; confess it, if thou wishest me not to despise myself for having doubted too much also!

"And you, Madame," said he, addressing the Countess, "you have done like her; it is the romance of the generous woman! Well! it is not generous at all, since it adjourns happiness to the profit of I know not what ideal, which you seek at the zenith of life, when it is at hand!"

"You chide us," said Imperia; "would not one say that we are guilty, and you —"

"Silence! silence!" cried Bellamare, more and more excited; "seest thou not that I am mad with pride at this moment, that I justify myself, that I defend myself, and, what has never happened before, that I cherish and admire myself? Since thou lovest me, thou, it is very necessary that I should be something great and excellent. Leave me to imagine that I am such, for if I should come to have a lower estimate of myself, I should be alarmed for thy reason. Let me ramble on, let me be foolish, or I shall have to burst."

It was easy to see that he had loved Imperia more earnestly than she had wished to believe, and that the fear of ridicule, so powerful in a mind formed to represent ridiculous men, had on every occasion paralyzed his outbursts of feeling. He concluded by weeping like a child; and as I wished to speak of Laurence, and to agree upon something with Madame de Valdère, he confessed that he had lost his wits and needed to think only of himself. He fled into the woods, where we saw him run and talk alone like a mad man. I admired that power of personal emotion, of which the fire, so often kindled for the profit of others, yet burned in him as in a young man.

Five days afterward Laurence had returned to Bertheville; he there found Madame de Valdère, who was waiting to give him a great surprise. He re-

ported all the acts necessary to the approaching publication of their banns. She did not permit him to speak of business and plans; that evening was to be consecrated to the happiness of seeing each other and of talking over the past in a pleasant quietness.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### FIGARO IN A MONASTERY—THE CONCLUSION.

I arrived, as I had been summoned by her, after dinner. Not only was I initiated in what was preparing, but I had a large share in it, and I was not to lose sight of Laurence while the Countess was away from him. She had ordered an exquisite dress, which she went to put on quickly, and when she returned to tell Laurence to give her his hand to conduct her to the drawing-room, she was dazzling. There was much in her appearance to make one lose his wits and forget the interesting but sickly Imperia. In the drawing-room she said to him: "I have played the mistress here in your absence as if I were already at home. You are going to take coffee in the great room below, of which I have hastened the complete restoration. I was anxious to let you see that beautiful work finished, the wainscots completed, the floor glistening, the old candlesticks placed and lighted. The firewood has also been tried, and the temperature is delicious. Nothing smokes; come and see, and if you are not content with my management, do not say so, for I should be too much chagrined."

We passed into the great room, the use of which was not yet determined by Laurence. It was an old council-room, which was every way equal to that of Saint Vaudrille. The architecture was so well preserved, and the style of the wainscotings so good, that he had restored it with no other motive than the love of restoration. He admired the general effect, and did not ask why a great green cloth hid

all the rear. He thought that that concealed the scaffoldings which there had been no time to remove. The secret of our rapid preparations had not transpired. He really suspected nothing. Then a little invisible orchestra which we had obtained at Rouen played a classic overture, the cloth which hid the rear fell and disclosed another red and gold cloth which covered the front of a pretty little improvised theatre.

Laurence started. "What is it, then?" said he; "comedy? I no longer like it, I cannot listen to it."

"It will be brief," replied the Countess. "Your workmen, whose love you have known how to win, have planned this diversion for you; it will be very simple; take kindly their intention."

"Bah!" said Laurence, "they are going to be pretentious and ridiculous." He looked at the programme, it was a representation of fragments. They were going to play the scenes of nights three, eight and nine, of the fifth act of the *Marriage of Figaro*. "Come!" said Laurence, "they are fools, these good people; but I have been so poor an Almaviva in my time, that I have no right to hiss anybody."

The curtain rose. Figaro was on the stage. It was Bellamare in a pretty costume, walking with an inimitable naturalness and grace. I know not whether Laurence recognized him at once. I hesitated to recognize him. I was not accustomed to these sudden transformations. I supposed that the costume and the paint constituted their whole secret. I knew not that the talented actor became really young again by some mysterious operation of his inward sentiment. Bellamare was admirably formed, and always supple. He had a fine elastic leg, a slender waist, light shoulders, a head well-proportioned and well set on the body. His little black eye was a fine diamond. His teeth, always beautiful, shone in the

semi-darkness represented on the stage. He was thirty at most; he seemed to me charming. I dreaded to hear his defective voice. He spoke the first words of the scene: "*O woman! woman! woman! deceiving creature!*" and that comic voice, impressed with I know not what deeply felt sadness, did not offend me more than that of Samson, which had so often moved and penetrated me. He continued. He spoke so well! That monologue is so charming, and he had so finely penetrated and comprehended it! I know not whether I was influenced by all that I knew of the real person, but the actor appeared to me admirable. I forgot his age, I understood the obstinate love of Imperia, I applauded enthusiastically.

Laurence was motionless and mute. His eyes were fixed, he seemed changed into a statue. He held his breath, he did not seek to understand what he saw. The sweat stood in beads upon his forehead, when, passing to the eighth scene, Susanna entered, and began the dialogue with Figaro. It was Imperia! Madame de Valdère was as pale as death. Laurence, divining her anxiety, turned toward her, took her hand, and held it against his lips all the time the scene lasted. It was a rapid duet of love, warmly tinted. The two friends played it with fire. Imperia appeared to me as much rejuvenated as Bellamare; she was full of *verve* and animation; one would have said that the poor weary woman had vitality to spare.

Lambesq came afterward to represent with more energy than discrimination the anger of Almaviva. Cherubin showed herself an instant under the features of Anna, who wore her page's garb with so much ease and grace that her precocious obesity seemed to have disappeared. Moranbois appeared also under the great hat of Basile, which rendered still thinner his pale and withered features. They spoke only a few

words. Leon had attempted a rapid *ensemble* which might take the place of the conclusion, and cause us to forget the characters that were wanting. The performers had wished only to show themselves all alive to Laurence, and to make the roses of last year bloom for him a moment amid the snows of the season. Leon expressed to him, in the name of all, that fraternal and tender sentiment, in some well-turned and well-spoken verses.

Laurence then sprang toward them with his arms open, at the same time that they leaped lightly from the stage to run to him. Madame de Valdère breathed as she saw that her affianced embraced Imperia as he did the rest, with as much joy and as little embarrassment.

Laurence, seeing the noble girl embrace Madame de Valdère also with tears, understood what had passed between them. "We have learned thy happiness," said Imperia to him; "we have wished to tell thee of ours. Bellamare and I, for a long time affianced, decided in America to marry on our return to France. It is, then, our farewell visit that we are paying thee."

Laurence uttered a cry of surprise. "And yet," added he, "I had thought of it twenty times."

"And thou couldst not believe it," said Bellamare to him. "I, who had never thought of it during that time, I cannot believe it yet. It is so improbable! Art thou jealous of my luck?" added he in a low tone.

"No," replied Laurence in the same tone, "thou meritest it, just because thou hast not sought it. If I were still in love with her, thy happiness would console me for my wounds; but the unknown has triumphed by making herself known; I am hers, and hers forever!"

The actors went to disrobe themselves. Laurence, at the Countess' feet in the drawing-room, which I had heedlessly entered, and from which I withdrew without their perceiving me,

was blessing her delicate confidence, and swearing to her that she would never repent it.

I went to stroll a little curiously about the actors. I met Imperia, who was newly costumed in a city dress which appeared still new, although she had played a number of times, she said, the *Dame aux Camélias* in New York. In another room, where I perceived Moranbois, I thought I might enter, and I recoiled with surprise on seeing Cherubin nursing her baby. The child stopped to laugh while running its big red fingers over the gold-buttoned vest of the page. "Come in! come in!" cried the actress to me, "come and see how beautiful he is!"

She took his swaddling-clothes from him, and, raising him in her arms, covered with her naked child her naked breast, purified by that passionate embrace. "Do not ask me who is his father," she added; "the dear love will never know, and he will be very happy. He shall have only me! The man to whom I owe this child, and who does not care for it, is an angel to me, because he leaves it wholly to me."

"You do not fear," said I, admiring the child, which was magnificent, "that this life of excitement will fatigue him?"

"No, no," she replied. "I have lost two of them whom they have made me put out to nurse, under pretext that they would be better cared for. I swore that if I should be so happy as to have another, he should never quit me. Can a child be badly off in the arms of his mother? This one was born under a lamp, in a side-scene, as I was going off from the stage. He is always in the side-scene when I play, and he does not cry; he knows already that he must not cry there. He is pleased at seeing me in costume; he loves tinsel. He is drunk with joy when I am rouged; he adores feathers."

"And he will be a comedian?" I asked.

"Certainly, that he may not leave me. Besides, if it is the hardest of callings, it is also that in which one has from time to time the most happiness."

"Come," said Moranbois, "change thy dress, and give me my god-child." He took the child, handled it tenderly, and took it into the corridors, singing with his cavernous and false voice some air which one could not recognize, but which the child greatly enjoyed and tried also to sing after him in its own way.

An exquisite and delicious supper kept us all together from midnight till six in the morning. The Venetian crystals sparkled with their lively colors amid the wax-candles. Green-house flowers, placed upon a circular row of steps, surrounded us with the perfumes of spring, whilst snow continued to strew the park, which was lighted by the full moon. We were noisier, we eight persons, than a band of students. We spoke all at once, we touched glasses at all the memories; and then we set ourselves to hearing Bellamare recount in a manner incomparably charming, which Laurence had in no respect exaggerated to me, his American campaign: a musical rehearsal in which they had sworn that he would not be interrupted nor fail in the measure while clearing in a steamer the rapids of Saint Lawrence—a night of feasting at Quebec where they had supped by the light of the Aurora Borealis—a night of distress when they were lost in the virgin forest—days of fatigue and fasting beyond the great lakes—a troublesome encounter with some savages—another with some droves of buffaloes—some great ovations in California, where they had had Chinese for machinists, etc. When he had enchainé us by his recitals, he invited us to laugh and to sing; then we stopped to listen to the profound wintry silence without, and those moments of meditation penetrated Laurence with a sentiment of moral, in-

tellectual, and physical repose, of which he finally appreciated the solemn sweetness.

Madame de Valdère was adorable. She was amused like a child; she thee-and-thou'd Imperia, who returned the compliment in order not to grieve her. At times, also, she addressed Bellamare in similar style without being aware of it. Bellamare was already an old friend to her, a tried confidant. Between her and Imperia, those two irreproachable women whose father he had been, he felt himself rehabilitated, he said, in respect to his old sins.

Purpurin served; he had been disguised as a negro.

At the end of the supper, Laurence called on Moranbois by giving him his primitive *sobriquet*, which the Heracles permitted only to his very best friends:—"Coquenbois," said he, "where is thy strong box? I am always a partner with you, and I wish to see what is in thy box."

"It is easy," replied the manager, without embarrassment. "We have just come here to render thee an account." And he drew from his pocket a massive, worn pocket-book, closed with a lock, from which he drew five bank bills.

"One knows it, thy pleasantries," replied Laurence; "pass me thy utensil."

He looked at the pocket-book. The sum refunded to him being deducted, there remained three hundred francs. "Eternal *boulotteurs*," said Laurence, smiling; "it is very fortunate that you have finally played well this evening! Come, my wife," said he, addressing the Countess, "since this evening we thee-and-thou each other; go bring our artists' receipts—it is for thee to estimate them."

She kissed his forehead before us all, took the key which he handed to her, disappeared, and quickly returned.

When she had filled and stuffed the manager's pocket-book, there were

bills to the amount of about two hundred thousand francs in the coffer.

"Do not reply," said she to Bellamare, "my part is one-half; it is the dowry of Imperia."

"I give to-day my part of the receipts to my god-son," said Moranbois, without emotion.

"And I mine to Bellamare," said Leon. "I also have inherited from an uncle—not a *millionnaire*, indeed, but I have the means of living."

"And dost thou quit us?" said Bellamare, letting fall the pocket-book with fright. "O fortune! if thou disunite us, thou art good only to light the punch for us!"

"I quit you?" cried Leon, pale also, but with the inspired air of an artist who has found his *denouement*, "never! For me it is too late! Inspiration is a foolish thing which desires an impossible medium; if I become a true poet, it will be on condition of never becoming a sensible man. And then"—added he, with a little agitation, "Anna, it seems to me thy child is crying!"

She rose and passed into the neighboring room, where the child was sleeping in his cradle without being disturbed by our uproar. "My friends," said Leon, then, "the emotion produced by this night of dissipation and friendship has been so lively in me, that I will open my heart, too long closed. There is a remorse in my life, and that is called Anna. I have been the first love of that poor girl, and I have loved her badly. She was a child without principles and without reason. It was for me, a man, to give her a soul and a brain. I did not know how to do it, because I did not wish to do it. I believed myself too great an intellectual personage to labor at a good action of which I should have received the fruit. I was at the age of lofty ambitions, of bitter hatreds, and of wild illusions. Of what use, I asked myself, to consecrate myself to the happiness of one woman, when all the others should be

conferring it on me? Such is the reasoning of presumptuous youth. I am at a mature age, and I see that in the other classes the women are no better than in ours. If they have more prudence and restraint, they have less devotion and sincerity. The faults which Anna has committed she would have been unable to commit if I had been patient and generous; now that errant girl is a tender mother—so tender, so courageous, so touching, that I pardon her all! I am not very sure of being the father of her child—no matter! Should I go back into the world, to marry with that doubt would be ridiculous and scandalous. In the life we lead it is a good action; whence I conclude that, for me, the theatre will be more moral than the world. So I remain in it and chain myself to it forever. Bellamare, thou hast often reproached me with having taken advantage of the weakness of a child, and with having despised her on account of that weakness which should have attached me to her. I did not wish to accept that reproach. I perceive now that it was merited, and that it was the starting-point of my misanthropy. I wish to get rid of it. I will marry Anna. She believes that my affection for her has returned, but that I do not believe it, and that my eternal suspicions will render our union impossible. She does not permit me to believe that her child belongs to me. She denies it, to punish me for doubting it. Well, I do not wish to know anything. I love the child, and I wish to bring it up. I wish to rehabilitate the mother. I swear to you in her absence, my friends, that you may be my sureties to her: I swear to marry Anna—"

"And thou wilt do well," cried Bellamare, "for I am sure that she has always loved thee. Come!" said he, addressing the dawning day, which, mingled fantastically with the moonlight, sent a great blue glimmer across the flowers and the wax candles,



"appear, thou cheerful day, the most beautiful of my life! All my friends happy, and I—! Imperia, my saint, my well-beloved, my daughter! we are going, then, to *cultivate true art!* Laurence, if I accept the capital you lend me—"

"Pardon," said Laurence, "I hope that this time there will be no talk of restitution. I know thee, Bellamare; the eternal obstacle of thy life is thy conscience. With a capital smaller than that which I place in thy hands, thou wouldst have extricated thyself, if thou had not always owed it to friends whom thou didst not wish to ruin. In my case thou canst not have that fear. My offering will not even put me to inconvenience; and though it should put me to a little, though I should have to retrench something from my too large opulence—thou hast given me three years of a well-filled life, of which there remains only the love of an ideal of which thou art the apostle and the most persuasive and the most fully persuaded professor. Thou hast formed my taste, thou hast elevated my ideas, thou hast taught me devotion and courage. All that is young and generous in my soul I owe to thee. Thanks to thee, I have not become skeptical. Thanks to thee, I worship the true, I have confidence in goodness, the power of loving. If I am still worthy of being chosen by an adorable woman, it is because through a life as foolish as a dream thou hast always said to me: 'My child, when the angels pass into the dust we raise, let us throw ourselves upon our knees; for there are angels, whatever one may say of it!' I am, then, forever obliged to thee, Bellamare, and it is not with my revenue for one or two years that I can discharge my debt to thee. Money never pays such debts! I have understood thee; thou wishest to be an artist, and no longer one who merely gets his living by his profession. Well, my friend, recruit a good troupe

to complete thine, and play always good pieces. I do not believe thou wilt make thy fortune, there are so many people who love the ignoble! But I know thee; thou wilt be happy in thy mediocrity, as soon as thou shalt be able to serve the cause of good literature, and apply the good method without sacrificing anything to the exigencies of the treasury."

"See!" replied Bellamare, radiant and deeply affected. "Thou hast understood me, and my dear associates understand me. O ideal of my life! No longer to be compelled to make money in order to eat! To be able to say at last to the public: 'Come to school, my little friend. If the beautiful wearies thee, go to sleep. I am no longer the slave of thy pence. We are not going to exchange fiddle-faddle for bread. We have bread as well as thee, my master, and we know very well how to eat it dry, rather than soak it in the smoke of thy intellectual cynicism. Little public that makes the great profits, learn that Bellamare's theatre is not what thou thinkest. One can do without thee when thou poutest; one can wait for thy return when the taste for the true shall return to thee. It is a duel between us and thee. Thou wilt shun us altogether? Be it so! We will play still better before fifty persons of taste than before a thousand geese without judgment.'

"But see, my friends! see on the ceiling that red ray which makes all our faces, wearied by the past, appear sallow, and which immediately, descending upon our brows, will make them beam with the joys of hope! It is the rising sun,—it is the splendor of the true,—it is the dazzling stage-lights that mount up from the horizon to light up the theatre in which all humanity is going to play the eternal drama of its passions, of its struggles, of its triumphs, and of its reverses. We actors are night-birds! We return into the shade of nothingness when the earth stirs and wakes;

here at last is a beautiful morning which smiles upon us as on real beings, and which says to us: 'No, you are not spectres; no, the drama you have played to-night is not a vain fiction; you have all seized your ideal, and it will never again escape you. You can go to sleep, my poor workers in the fanciful; you are now men like other people; you have powerful affections, serious duties, lasting joys. You have bought them neither too dear nor too late. Look me in the face! I am life, and you have at last a right to live.'

The enthusiasm of Bellamare won us all, and there was no one who did not think that happiness is in the sentiment we have of it—not at all in the

manner in which the future keeps its promises. I was intoxicated like the rest—I, who had no other function and no other merit in all this adventure than to devote myself during some days to hasten and to make sure the happiness of the others.

When I found myself alone many days afterwards, in the prosaic chain of my nomadic life, that supper of the comedians in the old monastery of Bertheville appeared to me like a dream, but, like a dream, so romantic and so singular that I promised myself to keep my promise to Laurence, and to recommence it with the same companions as soon as circumstances would permit.

THE END.

## THE SPANISH-AMERICAN BURLESQUE.

BY EUGENE FAWCETT.

WE self-complacent Americans commonly accept the theory that the form of government under which the United States have so rapidly risen to the pinnacle of greatness is, *par excellence*, the government best suited to all nations and to all people. This doctrine is stoutly maintained in the face of the anarchy and confusion which reign supreme throughout the length and breadth of Spanish-America,—in spite of the burlesque on republicanism so long maintained at fearful cost in Mexico and South America. Most Americans are now watching events in Spain with considerable interest—watching and hoping for the growth of republican principles and the extension of republican sentiments, to the final and complete revolution of government and the grand triumph of liberal ideas in that ancient centre of bigotry and intolerance. Many intelligent lookers-on, however, do

not hesitate to declare their conviction that, bad as the condition of Spain has become under the maladministration of a long line of weak and unstable monarchs, still worse will be her lot, and lower and more complete her political degradation, should her people embrace republicanism under the false idea that Latin blood may be controlled and governed by off-deposed rulers or off-revolutionized administrations, whose tenure is dependent upon the capricious will of the populace alone. Those who advocate the expediency of the republic find but little to support their conclusions in the past history or in the present condition of Latin-America; and with that ruined and disintegrated country as a spectral warning, Old Spain may well hesitate to adopt the form of government which has so signally failed to meet the requirements of her children.

It is not questioned for a moment

that the theory of government as developed in the United States is the true one. Barring the minor difficulties, with which perhaps all nations are beset, we are a well-governed community. It is true that corruption, fraud, and speculation sometimes exist in official circles, high and low; but there is no evidence that the United States are worse off in that respect than the most prosperous and well-governed countries of the Old World. It is contended, however, by men given to deep reflection and thought, by men whose individual experience gives shape to their ideas, that, as well suited as the republican form of government seems to be to the Anglo-Saxon race, it is an entire failure, a stigma, a libel and a reproach upon the name, as it is administered in countries peopled by the Latins. The anarchy into which South American States have fallen, the constantly recurring revolutions which sweep over the country, impoverishing the people and sapping their energies, give color to the theory, at least.

The apparent hereditary inability of the Spanish people to govern themselves may be—doubtless is—somewhat confirmed by the unfavorable tendency of the climate in which they live—a climate unfavorable to the growth of intellect and of energy and vigor, either physical or mental. The most energetic and active people, when placed beneath the enervating influences of a tropical sun, gradually deteriorate, and lose all their distinguishing characteristics of energy, enterprise, and perseverance. It is the misfortune of the Spaniard that he is doomed to inhabit a country where nature proffers the richest gifts with one hand, while she takes or impairs the vigor of all the higher faculties with the other. And in exact proportion as those faculties are impaired, the lower faculties, or rather the animal instincts, the cruelty and ferocity of

man, stand prominently forth. Hereditary incapacity, climatic influence, chaotic mixture of blood, are all at work undermining the little that is left of order and stability in Spanish-America.

Simon Bolivar, styled the "Liberator of South America," foresaw, ere his death, the inevitable ruin that was brooding over the country for which he had done so much, and for whose independence of foreign rule he had fought so bravely. From the time that the last Spaniard was expelled from the continent, up to a period within a few months of his death, he labored faithfully and unceasingly to consolidate Spanish-America under one government. He was resisted by many of the states, who suspected that his object was to incorporate the republics into a grand empire of which he was to be the monarch. By his efforts, however, an international congress was convened at Panama, in 1826, the objects of which were to form a permanent council as a bond of union against common danger from abroad, to regulate commerce, and to preserve internal peace among the several states. To this convention, delegates were appointed by the United States and England. President Adams, in his message to Congress in December, 1825, alludes to the Panama Congress in the following terms:

"Among the measures which have been suggested to the Spanish-American republics, by their new relations with one another, resulting from the recent changes in their condition, is that of assembling at the Isthmus of Panama, a congress, at which each of them should be represented, to deliberate upon objects important to the welfare of all. The republics of Colombia, of Mexico, and of Central America, have already deputed plenipotentiaries to such a meeting, and they have invited the United States to be also represented there by their ministers. The invitation has been accepted, and ministers on the part of the United States will be commissioned to attend at these deliberations, and to take part in them, so far as may be compatible with that neutrality from which it is neither our intention nor the desire of the other American states that we should depart."

Nothing was accomplished at this meeting, but the congress adjourned to meet the following year at Tacubaya, near the City of Mexico. The apathy or indifference of the states was such that the adjourned meeting never took place, notwithstanding the almost superhuman exertions of Bolivar to have the congress reassemble in accordance with the pledges of the several governments. Bolivar soon after quitted public life in disgust, and lived in comparative obscurity during the few years that intervened before his death. A few weeks before that sorrowful event he addressed a letter to the late General Flores, of Ecuador, from which the following propositions are extracted:

"I have been in power for nearly twenty years, and from experience have gathered a few definite results.

"1. America for us is ungovernable.

"2. He who dedicates his services to a republic, ploughs the sea.

"3. This country will inevitably fall into the hands of the unbridled rabble, and little by little become a prey to petty tyrants of all colors, creeds, and races.

"4. Devoured as we shall be by all possible crimes, and ruined by our ferociousness, Europeans will not deem it worth while to conquer us.

"5. If it were possible for any part of the world to return to primitive chaos, that condition would be the last stage of Spanish-America."

So spoke Simon Bolivar, with the voice of a prophet. He had lived through a long and bloody revolution; he had fought for independence with desperate courage and valor; he had proved himself statesman as well as soldier; and these were the conclusions to which he was forced! They were convictions settled in conformity with the experience of a long and honorable public career. Nearly every prediction has been realized. Perpetual warfare has ruined the country. The people have never learned to abide by legal majority decisions, or to redress wrong by legal and constitutional remedy. From the ballot-box they invariably appeal to the sword, and endless destruction of life and property always marks the path

of the victorious rabble. To-day's paper, in which we read of a pronunciamiento at San Luis Potosi, of a terrible slaughter in Cuba, of a revolution at Bogotá and another at Caracas, of a rebellion in Peru, of a bloody, desperate, and long-continued war in Paraguay, faithfully reflects the condition of things in Spanish-America. To detect conspiracies, to prevent insurrection, to rid itself of enemies open and covert, is the exclusive care of half the Spanish republican governments of this continent. To this object every other consideration is sacrificed. Individual rights are trampled upon, depredations without end are committed. Cities enriched at the expense of an impoverished country; tinselled soldiers preying on the limited substance of the nation; hordes of ambitious demagogues feeding upon the very life-blood of the country,—and yet a country where gayety is gayest, a people whose motto is "live while we live,"—is the spectacle upon which the world is gazing to-day.

Year by year the masses grow ignorant and imbruted. No common school system has been adopted or established by the state, and it is the policy of the church to keep the people in ignorance and darkness. The church's ministers are the emphatic enemies of education. Of the entire population of Spanish-America not more than one in twenty can read and write. Most of them are ignorant of the political divisions of their own country, of the barest outlines of their own history. With an instinct which tells them that they may plunder and ravish in war, they are ever ready to join the standard of the generalissimo who has the where-withal to inaugurate a rebellion against the government. Men are always to be found who are ready to direct these enterprises. The general of the army and the admiral of the navy (there is always an admiral whether there is a navy or not), the

governors of the provinces, and the *commandantes* of remote military posts, are jointly and severally ready to pronounce upon the least provocation, and with the slenderest chances of ultimate success. In Mexico, as many as eight revolts have been upon the hands of the government at once. Three revolutionary Richmonds have been in the Peruvian field at one time. The statistics will apply, proportionately, to all other Spanish-American Republics, great and small, save and except Chili.

The government of Chili is regarded as a model government, and her people as a model people. Since her independence, Chili has suffered revolution only once in five years (to average it), and ten years have now elapsed since the last successful pronunciamiento. The country, although having a coast line of seven hundred miles, has an average width of only eighty miles. The government, by means of its steam transports, can mass its troops at any given point on short notice, and thus nip a rebellion in the bud. The great civilizers, railroads, have had their effect. Foreign capital has flowed in, and, aided by its natural advantages of geographical position and its temperate climate, Chili has become more like a Christian country and less like a Spanish republic than any other state in South or Central America. The wise statesmanship of Sarmiento is accomplishing much for her neighbor, too,—the Argentine Confederation. If the people of that republic will continue to support him a few years longer, and, above all, if the immigration from Europe continues to flow in a steady stream, that country, like Chili, may become in a measure redeemed and disenthralled. But there are no more Sarmientos in South America; there are no other states possessing such advantages of soil and climate, and none others attracting immigrants to peaceful homes within their borders.

The several governments of Spanish-America are republican only in name. They partake more of the character of military despotisms than of peaceful republics. A president, though constitutionally elected, can only hope to maintain his position by erecting about him a wall of bristling bayonets. In thus protecting his tenure of power, he reduces the co-ordinate branches of the government to his control. The judiciary becomes subservient to the executive department,—likewise the legislative. The President dictates to Congress the laws it shall pass, and then dictates to the courts the construction of those laws. It is related that the government of Ecuador was once sued by a foreign druggist, at Guayaquil, for medicines furnished the army. The druggist recovered. Government appealed, but the judgment was affirmed by the Supreme Court. The President indignantly ordered the amount paid out of the judges' salaries, which was actually done, and the latter dared not protest against it.

At Bogotá, two political prisoners were let off with a light sentence. The President had them rearrested and put in the stocks. A judge remonstrated with the President upon the cruelty and illegality of the act, saying that the stocks were an instrument of torture for the punishment of felons. His Excellency blandly informed the judge that he would enable him to satisfy himself that the stocks were *not* an instrument of torture for the punishment of only felons. The judge did not remonstrate any farther.

It is no uncommon thing for a Spanish-American President to draw a line of troops around the National Congress, while in session, and make prisoners of the entire *posse*, from Vice-President to page. In 1866 the Colombian Congress undertook to impeach Mosquera, then President. The old soldier watched their proceedings for a little while, and then,

with three regiments of infantry, made a sudden swoop upon his impeachers, and lodged them all in the dungeons. The *coup d'état* was brilliantly conceived and executed; but the act consolidated and strengthened the opposition, which eventually gained over the army and effected the release of the impeachers, as well as the rout and banishment of Mosquera. Let the reader fancy Andy Johnson laying hold of Chief Justice Chase, Ben Butler, and the grave senators who sat as judges at his trial, and he will have in his mind's eye a transaction parallel to those of almost yearly occurrence in Spanish-America.

From the day that an administration steps into power, date the intrigues and machinations of the "outs" against it. The question is not how to turn defeat into victory at the next election, but how to depose the existing authorities, and plunder the treasury and the country under the guise of a Dictatorship, *ad interim*. Every Spanish-American republic has its brace of Santa Annas; and as fast as they are killed off, new ones spring up to fill their places. These turbulent spirits are forever shying bulletins, proclamations, and pronunciamientos at the existing authorities and at each other, always proclaiming "in the name of the Republic," and always closing with the patriotic "*Viva la Republica!*" A stranger to the habits and designs of these mild-mannered cut-throats, would esteem them as statesmen having the best interests of their country at heart. Those who are somewhat more familiar with the politics of the country, know them as so many vampires seeking to fasten themselves upon the public till.

It is the prime object of those in power to get all the ready money they can out of the country in the shortest possible time. To this end, the most excessive taxes are laid directly on the people, and the most valuable privileges and franchises

granted away at a small proportion of their actual value. Let us cite a case in point: The Panama Railroad contract was originally drawn up with the Colombian government, that all the property and franchises of the company should revert to the government after the lapse of twenty years from the completion of the road, upon payment to the company of four millions of dollars. In 1867, after the road had been in successful operation some twelve years, this reversionary interest was looked upon as being worth four or five millions of dollars over and above the amount to be paid the company, and English capitalists were willing to take it from the government at those figures on short notice. The American company operating and owning the road was anxious, of course, to correct the mistake of those who made the original contract, and secure the franchise to themselves perpetually. With this end in view, it sent two agents to Bogotá with full powers to treat. Those agents waited patiently until upon the eve of a successful revolution, when they offered the out-going patriots one million dollars in cash for the coveted extension of their privileges. The bait took, and about the last official act of that administration was to assign over to the company for that sum the reversionary interest of the government in the most valuable railway property in the world, estimated according to the number of miles. A few days afterwards the administration was expelled from power; but the million dollars had been mysteriously absorbed, and not a single dollar of the amount ever found its way into the national treasury. The exchequer was entirely empty, and a forced loan, which fell most heavily upon the foreign merchants, was forthwith resorted to by the new administration.

The London Bank of Mexico and South America has gradually absorbed all the valuable banking priv-



illeges of the various Spanish-American countries. The most ruinous concessions have been made to that institution. By the franchise granted by Venezuela, in 1864, the bank has the exclusive right to issue notes, which are made legal tender in payment for everything. It has also the exclusive custody of all national funds, and is the chief financial agent of the government at home and wherever its branches exist. It has the privilege of discounting paper or loaning money at the rate of two per cent. per month. This is the substance of the concessions made to the same bank by the other Spanish-American governments, and it is rapidly monopolizing or reducing to its control the entire trade of those countries. It is growing to be a despotic East India Company, with privileges equally valuable, though of a different kind, and authority almost as absolute as that which flourished in British India. The one thing commendable in the organization of the institution is that it shall always be considered a neutral establishment—a place in which valuables may be deposited with safety in time of war; and thus far its neutrality has been respected.

Only those who are intimately and personally acquainted with Spanish-American politics may hope to master the intricacies of the unceasing conflict between the various political parties of the Spanish-American Republics. One may understand why the King of Naples lost his tenure of power, and why Otto, King of Greece, was obliged to abdicate. The Franco-Austrian conflict was comparatively an easy one to follow and understand; the Bismarck *coup de main*, the causes which impelled its execution, and the *fait accompli*, were no mystery to the American student of the political chess-board of Europe. A majority of our politicians thought they understood the once intricate Mexican question in all its phases, but they were never worse mistaken in their lives.

They were entirely lost in the labyrinth of parties sectarian and secular,—of the Church party and the Monarchical party—of the Conservatives and the Liberals—of the English and Spanish intervention which did not go on, and the French intervention which did go on. And yet, the Mexican question was one that attracted universal attention and study. The careful research of analytical minds focused upon the point that a monarchy was sought to be established on our border; and this danger was so imminent that the real causes and merits of the difficulty were lost sight of. Since the threatened danger has been removed, we no longer know or care anything about the domestic complications in Mexico. We only know that, in the absence of a foreign enemy, the mania for revolution has come back upon the Mexicans, and that they are industriously engaged in the disintegration of their empire.

It may be said of the Spanish-American colonies that they flourished under the rule of Spain, and declined as independent states. With two exceptions, they are daily sinking lower and lower among the nations of the earth. They have become the legitimate prey of mob factions, a reproach and a burlesque on the name of republic. As a writer in a late number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* remarks, "One only need traverse America to make the strangest journey through all the possible varieties of anarchy." The various states, having a common origin, an absolute community of history, of tendencies and necessities, are all jealous of each other, and are ever ready to apply the knife to each others' throats. Peru sits in her poverty and boasts of being more powerful than Ecuador; Chili proclaims herself severed from the cause of Spanish-America; Bolivia closes up her frontier, and resolves herself into a sort of American Japan; while the republics of Central America, not

content with having divided and subdivided themselves into homœopathic factions, aspire to annihilate each other from the face of the earth.

Many attempts have been made to bring the Spanish-American states to a better understanding with each other, and to establish a bond of brotherhood between them which might in time lift them upon their feet. In 1864 a convention, similar in character to that of Panama, assembled at Lima. Stimulated by the lowering aspect of affairs in Mexico, and by the threatening attitude of Spain toward the states bordering on the Pacific, a defensive compact was entered into which it was hoped would lead to a better condition of things. Later on, when the hostile fleets of Spain were actually at the doors of Chili and Peru, the compact was renewed in the most solemn and binding manner. But, when the Spaniards retired satisfied with the punishment they had inflicted, the bonds parted like ropes of sand, and the rulers of the states now sit in the panoply of ruin, watchful and suspicious of their right-hand neighbors and madly jealous of their left. The best and most intelligent citizens have given up all hope of establishing a free government that will afford adequate protection to life and property, and look anxiously to foreign quarters for a solution of their difficulties. The French intervention in Mexico resulted from the intercession of the best men in that country; and had they not been clamorous for a monarchy under the protection of Louis Napoleon, its establishment would not have been

attempted. That country now turns to the United States for succor. Its unselfish statesmen are looking forward to annexation, and praying that the happy day may come right speedily. Said one of her wisest men to the writer: "Your influence frustrated our design when we sought, by the aid of France, to establish a stable government on the ruins of the republic. We can do nothing toward governing ourselves. Those who would govern us wisely have no followers, and are powerless. We are at the mercy of the political brigands who have the hordes of half-civilized Indians under their command. We look to you for aid. You took California and gave it a good government; you took Texas, and its domestic cut-throat warfare ceased. We pray you take the balance, and give us that peace and internal quietude which has been a stranger to Mexico for fifty years."

Whether the Spanish-American problem is to be solved in that way only time will develop. Whether it may be thus solved with safety to ourselves, is become one of the favorite studies of our statesmen. We should act with prudence, and yet should act quickly. The eye of Europe is upon us; and we in a measure owe it to humanity, and to the cause of civilization, that the question which racks Spanish-America from border to border—the question of government—should be settled for all time, ere the little that is left of that unhappy country sinks into the slough, or returns to the state of primitive chaos predicted by Simon Bolivar.

## CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE.

BY AN OFFICER'S WIFE.

WE were to cross the Rio Grande at Los Pinos, somewhere below Albuquerque. This was our first crossing;—many and dire were our subsequent crossings of this crooked stream, which repeatedly threw itself across our path, as it pursued its course in fitful windings through the land. Orders had been issued by the General commanding the district that neither the officers nor men of the—th Cavalry should enter Santa Fé or Albuquerque; and as the General's headquarters were in Santa Fé (Fort Marcy) the officers reluctantly refrained from making their appearance in a place they had an almost irresistible desire to see. Of the four ladies with our command, only one, the Major's wife, had been in the Territory before; but as she spoke with no great enthusiasm of the beauties and attractions of Santa Fé, we, for our part, were tolerably content to pass by within twenty-five miles of it. There had been heavy rains throughout the Territory, and the low land along the river was mostly under water; but in the spot which the Colonel had selected for fording, the water was shallow, and we expected to cross in safety.

Our train was quite respectable in size—three companies of cavalry, some twenty-five army wagons, two or three pieces of ordnance, and the carriages and ambulances which we were occupying. The mounted men were to cross the river first. It was singular to see how many of the horses rebelled against going into the water, and distressing to witness the terror they displayed when the treacherous quicksand gave way under their feet, and the wicked flood seemed to

engulf them deeper and deeper. The Colonel, in his light carriage, guiding the horses with his own hands, next went in, followed by the carriages of his subordinate officers, ranged strictly according to the rank of their respective owners. I gave a convulsive gasp when the water, coming into the bottom of our travelling-carriage, first touched my feet; the running of the current made me dizzy and faint, so I covered my eyes with my hands, and opened them only when I felt the water rise higher and higher over my feet. When we had gained the other side, the officers rode from carriage to carriage, offering the ladies congratulations on the first safe passage of the Rio Grande, and—a draught of commissary-whiskey from their field flasks. I, for one, accepted both with thanks; for the little keg stowed away under the seat was empty;—in fact, we were out of supplies of every kind, as we had counted on drawing from the Santa Fé commissary.

The Captain had been stationed in the Territory before the war, and, as it happened, our present Colonel had been his commanding officer then. We were to pass almost within sight of Albuquerque on the following day, and the command was to camp some eighteen miles above, at Peralta, for the night;—and upon these facts the Captain based his plans for mutiny on a small scale. When we had reached the top of a low chain of hills, he ordered Melville, the driver, to stop, and said to me:

"There is a road leading down from here across the flat into Albuquerque. If I can but remember the road, we can drive to Albuquerque, get supplies there from the Quarter-

master, and reach Peralta before nine o'clock to-night."

I was delighted with the prospect, —for the brown sugar with which we had of late been compelled to sweeten our coffee, was not at all to my liking; I knew there was white sugar in the commissary at Albuquerque, —so I did not in the least object to going there, although contrary to our orders. Our orderly, with the saddle-horses, was to continue on with the command, while we were to turn down the mountain road here, where we were out of the Colonel's sight. But the mules drawing our carriage were warmly attached to my white horse; and they set up such an atrocious screaming on seeing him led off, that we were forced to recall Mohrman and let him take the lead with Rick.

Reaching the flat, we found the *acequias*—the deep ditches dug by the Mexicans for the purpose of irrigating their fields with water from the Rio Grande—all overflowed, and covering the fields with water; but we managed to pick our way over the precarious road, and soon discovered a low round sand-hill in the distance. Pointing toward it, the Captain said: "There is Albuquerque;"—but, open my eyes as I might, I could see nothing but the sand-hill and a strip of water beyond. The windings of the river had left us far in the interior of the country on the previous day; now as we approached the Rio Grande again, I saw at the foot of the hill a number of low *adobe* buildings. It was one of the largest cities in the Territory—this clump of mud-houses growing up out of the cheerless, monotonous plain, where neither a blade of grass nor a single wild-flower sprang up to gladden the heart. Over toward the mountains, the country was more pleasing; and a number of Pueblo Indian women, bearing baskets filled with the most delicious of grapes, peaches, and melons, testified to the fact that all of New Mexico was not a sterile plain, and that all of its

Indians were not savages. Mexican women, with the inevitable *reveso* covering head and shoulders, flitted through the streets, or haunted the shops kept by a few enterprising Jews.

Making our way to the Quartermaster's Department, we were somewhat startled to see the Colonel's light carriage drawn up in front of it. We were on the point of beating a hasty retreat, when the Colonel's querulous voice accosted the Captain:

"Don't you know, Sir, that the Commanding General's orders are that neither officers nor men of the —th Cavalry are to enter Santa Fé or Albuquerque?"

"I was not aware that any exception had been made in favor of the Colonel commanding the —th Cavalry," answered the Captain, recovering himself; and for the rest of the day the Captain was invisible to the Colonel's *official* eye, though they met at every corner they happened to turn.

The Captain knew that his salvation depended on reaching camp in advance of the Colonel. Should the Colonel make the camp before we did, he would immediately inquire for the Captain, and place him under arrest, if not court-martial him, for "absence without leave." So we hastily concluded our purchases, entered the carriage, and were just about to leave the Quartermaster's corral, when we discovered that Mohrman was missing. Great was our distress, and many and deep, I fear, the Captain's curses. The men's quarters were hunted through, and all the saloons of which the city could boast were searched, —but our Dutchman was not to be found. At last the bugler was ordered out, and the first note of the well-known signal brought Mohrman to the spot, flushed and excited, but totally ignorant of the unpleasant consequences which his delay might cause the Captain.

I must stop here to state that the servant-girl whom I had engaged at

Leavenworth City had basely deserted me and gone over to the enemy;—that is, she had married an infantry sergeant at Fort Union, leaving me without cook or laundress. So Mohrman, still panting and breathless, and turning his hat around in his hands very fast, came out with:

"Madam, I know you don't like Charlie for a cook, and you have no laundress; now, I found such a nice Mexican girl here this afternoon,—her name is Joaquina. I think she would learn to cook very easily; and if you would only get me the Captain's consent, I'd marry the girl right away, so that she could wait on you all the time."

The Captain answered in my place; I could not tell exactly what, but I know the guard-house was mentioned.

Night was on us before we had left the neighborhood of the ranches surrounding Albuquerque; but the *acequias* were growing less frequent, so that I flattered myself we should have little difficulty in reaching camp. It grew darker and darker, until at last it was almost impossible to distinguish Rick's white form as he was led just in advance of the carriage. The Captain thought he could not have forgotten the "lay of the land" in seven short years, and assured me that it was perfectly safe travelling along the sand-hills that border the Rio Grande, where there is not an inch of ground between the carriage-wheel and the precipice high over the river. The stars were reflected in the water far below me, and I knew that one false step of our mules would send us all down to those bright orbs in the water. On the other side, the hill rose high above us; and had the driver turned but the length of a finger to that side, the rebound would have capsize the carriage and hurled it over the bank.

Thus the minutes crept on; and when I rejoiced at last to find that the road descended and I could no longer

see the stars below me, I was rudely torn from my fancied security by the most savage yells that ever greeted human ears. They proceeded from a spot not very far distant, where a crowd of half-naked and demon-like forms were dancing around a flickering fire.

"Oh, heaven!" I exclaimed, "we have fallen into the hands of hostile Indians,—and you always told me there were only friendly ones here!"

The Captain tried to explain to me that they were only celebrating some feast, and proposed to take one of the Indians with us to act as guide to Peralta; but I refused to consent, and Melville gave them a wide berth, landing us after a little while in the midst of *acequias* and numberless pools of water forming one endless ocean.

My terror was considerably increased when I heard the heavy plunging of a horse, laboring through the morass behind us. "Those are robbers," I whispered, "and they will challenge us directly." But, to my horror, the Captain addressed the rider, whose figure I could now discern close to the carriage. He was a Mexican, who had seen where the "Cabelleros" were camped near Peralta, and would guide us there. So he rode before the orderly, and we followed Rick as well as we could, though it seemed to me we were getting into deeper water at every step. I could distinguish trees, too, such as I knew grew only along the Rio Grande; and I felt convinced that the treacherous Mexican was leading us straight into the river. The water had long since saturated the bag of white sugar which I had put under the seat with my own hands, and the package of tea beside it would not be improved in flavor by the muddy water; but all this did not trouble me so much under these circumstances, my chief aim being at present to keep myself out of water and my eye on Rick—the latter rather difficult, I must own, in the Egyptian darkness. Suddenly

I heard the Mexican call out something in Spanish, and Rick vanished into an abyss of some kind before my eyes, while the carriage at the same time struck against something hard, and was lifted out of the water. Then the truth of the happy escape we had made, dawned on us. The water from the neighboring river had flooded the whole flat, and had hidden from our sight the deep *acequia* cutting through the country here; the Mexican had given warning, but Mohrman, not understanding the language, had missed the bridge which we were fortunate enough to strike. The campfires flashed on us a few moments later. Charlie had made the tent look so comfortable, and prepared so excellent a supper, that I was glad to think "Joaquina" had not superseded him. The Colonel's orderly had not yet inquired for the Captain; so I presumed, with a great deal of complacency, that our revered commander was still floundering in the slush and water of the Rio Grande.

There were long and weary day's marches to be made between here and Fort Craig, where the headquarters of the —th Regiment were to be established; and there, too, I should lose the company of the other ladies—the Adjutant, the Major, and the Lieutenant—all belonging to the Colonel's staff. We had but one more stream to cross together—the Tecolote "creek" at the village of the same name. I did not know why the officers should show so much more aversion to crossing this "creek" than they had evinced at the passage of the Rio Grande. Thinking, perhaps, that "ignorance is bliss," they had not enlightened me, but left me to enjoy my ramble among the ruins of an old church, or mission, which I had discovered in the neighborhood of the little town. The other ladies not becoming so deeply interested in the scraps of glass and pottery strewn the ground here, had returned to the carriages; and when the Colo-

nel sent word that the large hospital ambulance in which we were to cross was ready, I could not be found. When I made my way to the "creek" later, the ambulance had already returned and was waiting to carry me over. The "creek" was a wild turbulent stream, rushing along with a blind fury that had already carried the strong bridge before it, and had lodged it against a sharp bend in the river, where the skeletons of the first three army-wagons that had been launched in the flood were keeping it company.

"Is there no other way of crossing beside getting into that ambulance?" I asked in a very subdued voice.

"None," was the Colonel's answer; "but the mules are led by ropes, and an escort follows the ambulance."

It was not an easy task to hold conversation in the immediate neighborhood of the stream. The Colonel screamed at the top of his voice, to make himself heard above the loud roar of the water, and I was compelled to repeat every word I said three times over;—so I entered the ambulance without another syllable. The ropes attached to the heads of the mules were taken in charge by four mounted men; the officers, including the Captain, had been ordered to remain with their respective companies, but they came to the river a moment to speak some encouraging words to me, after which the signal was given and we started. It seemed impossible for the mules to drag the heavy vehicle behind them when they had once lost their footing, and they were themselves almost dragged along by the ropes which the soldiers held. One of the soldiers allowed his rope to slacken when the mules first began to swim, and in an instant it was twined around the animal's legs; the mule struggled and kicked, frightening the others, and soon I could see nothing but one wild mass, battling and plunging in the water. From the shore came confused cries of, "Let



the mules go"—"Cut the ropes"—"The ambulance is going over"—"Hold on to the ropes"—and a hundred other things that seemed still to ring in my ears after the ambulance had toppled over, and I was clinging to the covering with all the energy of desperation. I must have lost my hold after a while, for I was thrown against the ruins of the bridge with such violence that my consciousness returned all in a moment, and I clung to the beams and planks until rescued. I was taken to a Mexican house, where I was wrapped in the blankets which the soldiers, who had already crossed, carried rolled on their saddles. It was not very cold, still I should not have voluntarily gone swimming with my clothes on, just that day, for one of the three wrecked wagons had contained my trunks, and none of the other ladies could have furnished me with any of their clothing, even had they known of my predicament; for their trunks were still on the other side.

Mohrman had been left to keep watch at my door, to be ready in case I should want for anything; and I asked him presently:

"Did the other ladies get over the river safely?"

"Yes, Madam," was the grave answer; "only the escort riding so close behind the ambulance, and the mules in the ambulance splashing so, the ladies were wet through, and the Colonel, who was over here when they came, put them out on the little flat, just behind the bank there, to dry; and he has placed a sentinel so that nobody can come that way till the sun has dried them."

I could not help smiling to think what two interesting groups we formed—the three ladies "drying in the sun," and I enjoying all the luxury of a regular "water-cure pack," rolled up in a dozen gray soldier blankets.

From Fort Craig, Company M proceeded alone, crossing the Rio Grande once more before entering on the

*Jornada del Muerto*—the "Desert of Death." It was a long and tedious march through the desert,—really almost a "Journey of Death," for the sun was fearfully hot, and water scarce. To be sure the Rio Grande could be reached by turning a distance of ten or twelve miles out of the straight line of march; but what the penalty of such rash act might be, I learned as we neared the Point of Rocks, a favorite ambush of the Indians,—for we were in the Indian country now, since we had left Fort Craig behind us.

I saw a number of moving objects as we approached, and was greatly alarmed; but with the aid of the Captain's field-glass, soon made them out to be a party of soldiers. They drew up in line when they saw the Captain approaching;—perhaps they had not discovered my presence in time, for before the Sergeant could throw a blanket over the cold, stark form lying on a pile of rocks by the roadside, I had already seen the ghastly face and mutilated limbs of the wretched man who had found a cruel death here only the day before. It was the usual story;—two men (civilians), mounted, were crossing the desert together, when, driven almost crazy with thirst, they had attempted to turn down to the river to fill their canteens, but were attacked and chased for miles by the Indians; one man escaped to Fort Selden, but the other fell into the devils' hands, to be tortured to death. The soldiers dug his grave, wrapped him in a gray blanket, and laid him to rest on the silent and lonely desert. Many such scenes have I witnessed since;—but there, by this stranger's grave, I knelt to say a short prayer, while the soldiers, with uncovered heads, threw the last earth on the low mound.

We reached Fort Selden in the evening; after a night's rest we crossed the Rio Grande there, for the third and last time, leaving it behind us, on the way to our still far distant post.

## IS WAR NECESSARY?

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

"Put by the sword,  
States may be saved without it."

— *Richelieu*.

"Now tell me all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for."

"My child, I cannot tell," quoth he,

"But 't was a famous victory."

— *Battle of Blenheim*.

"What a fine-looking thing war is! Dress it as you may, daub it with gold and sing swaggering songs about it, what is it after all, nine cases in ten, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling! Yet, O man of war, at this very moment you are shrinking, withering, like an aged giant. You are not the feathered thing you were. This little tube, the goose-quill, is sending its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding ink, even while you look upon it and think it shines so brightly, is eating, with a tooth of iron, into your sword."—*Douglas Jerrold*.

**A**NOTHER great war is upon us, to blacken and disfigure the face of the earth. A million men, who, a month ago, greeted each other gayly in all the graces of good-fellowship, are now rushing madly together with the hatred of murder firing their hearts. A Hohenzollern aspired to the Spanish throne; a cunning sovereign, half demagogue, half bandit, coveted the neighboring provinces; an insolent courtier insulted a monarch at the springs;—and, therefore, men who have no personal grievance march to retrieve the "national honor" by flinging their bodies into the dirty Rhenish ditches. Is there any logic in such a sequence?

While the hurricane of flame is sweeping over Europe, the neutral peoples are asking again, more earnestly than ever before, Is war necessary?—is it not practicable for the enlightened nations to organize and co-operate as the world's police, and, in that capacity, to adjust internal

differences and arbitrate public quarrels without a resort to arms?

The first wars, of course, grew out of personal collisions. These collisions of neighbors sometimes arose from the aggression of one upon the rights of the other; sometimes from sheer avarice and pride of will; frequently from a misunderstanding as to relative privileges, in maintaining which both were sincere. A personal collision grew to a war by the simple aggregation of friends rallying around opposing interests. Finally, as the strongest families combined, and races began to be more distinct, came territorial wars—wars of conquest—bred of acquisitiveness; and intestine wars—revolutions—bred of real or fancied oppression.

In regard to wars, it may be safely assumed that one side is always wrong and that both sides are generally wrong. As men are most benevolent with other people's money, so they are most belligerent when it involves only other people's lives. If "the kings who make the quarrels were the only ones to fight," the problem could not be difficult of solution—indeed, there would be no problem to solve.

In every other department of human progress, man, during the last five hundred years, has made marvellous strides toward perfection. By the improvement of machinery, labor has been relieved and lifted up; the laboring man has been given leisure and better work and higher wages. In the means of living, man was never before so well off. King Solomon is said to have been "gorgeously attired," but this was only by contrast with the half-nude people of his time;

and when we reflect that his wardrobe, like his table, must have consisted of a few of the rudest articles, we can make considerable allowance for the magnificence of the display. Articles that were unknown to Julius Cæsar, and were costly luxuries even to Charles the First, are now things of the commonest necessity to the humblest cottager in the land. In fact, it is probable that before the thirteenth century no king of any country of Europe lived as comfortably and well as the average American laborer lives to-day. And this is by no means the end of our progress. We have studied the conditions of health, and learned the laws of human physiology and hygiene; and the grand result is that, whereas the average length of human life was about thirty years in 1770, it has risen to nearly forty years in 1870.

With all this obvious advance toward the Better Time, the war passion continues to assert itself. We are certainly better off in this respect than the ancients who believed that war was an expression of Deity, and that Jehovah was accustomed to come down with an avalanche of armed chariots and avenging and exterminating swords upon whatever people excited his anger. No man in this age offers the prayer of the devout Hebrew: "I thank thee, Lord God of Israel, who hath taught my hands to war and my fingers to fight!"

Rev. T. R. Malthus was guilty of a volume on Political Economy, in which he aimed to prove that a great war was a great blessing to the race, not at all to be diminished or deprecated, but rather encouraged; that population tends to increase more rapidly than food; that, at every step, there is a tendency to starvation, only averted by the deaths caused by war, pestilence, famine, and the ravages of vice. This theory was evidently drawn from the lessons of the insect world, where the weaker becomes the prey of the stronger, and

constant slaughter keeps the fair earth from being overrun and devoured.

But nature, in the world of man, has other methods of keeping down the redundant population. Here luxury is the restraining condition. As men surround themselves with the choicer comforts of life, as they rise to a position of independence, set rich and bountiful tables, and enjoy abundant leisure, population increases more slowly. It is a curious but invariable law, which would have been an infinite relief to the panic-stricken Malthus if he had understood it, not only that over-population tends to increase want, but that plenty actually tends to diminish the number of mouths.

To look with complacency upon war as an angel of mercy, and to kill men to remove their descendants from the possibility of starving, is only paralleled by the nervous housekeeper who confined herself to half-rations through fear that, if she ate enough, she might some day or other come to want. If Mr. Malthus really believed that war was necessary to relieve the world of a surplus population, it was surely not pushing the argument too violently home when an opponent asked him to give a demonstration at the cannon's mouth, and set a heroic example by beginning the beneficent thinning-out process in his own person!

Man has existed for countless ages *without* overrunning all the earth. There is enough unoccupied land in the United States to last three hundred years longer, even if the rate of settlement of the last fifty years shall be maintained. And then, it will only be enclosed in farms; not half of it will be even nominally cultivated; none of it will be tilled as the expensive acres of England, Holland, and Germany are tilled. But if that day shall ultimately come when man will occupy all the arable earth, is it certain that, according to the Malthian

philosophy, brethren will fall to and slay each other, so as benevolently to save the food for the survivors? God has never yet been known to let loose a deluge without having first set an ark adrift.

Is it certain that, with the addition of labor-saving machinery, the yield of crops per acre will not increase as rapidly as hungry mouths? In this republic, our arable land covers so vast an area that each one of our people has the product of sixty acres. In the valley of the Po every rood of earth maintains its man. Whatever may be the ultimate result, it seems every way wiser to await the final catastrophe of crowding, than prematurely to strike out the superfluous units. Instead of killing men to keep their remote posterity from starving, let us hope that, before the grand cataclysm shall be reached, some Yankee will have discovered a feasible escape to the moon, or a method of living in the air and on the water, and of manufacturing food, meanwhile, by combining chemically the nourishing elements of both. In fact, however, it is certain that, if the luxuries of life continue to increase, propagation will practically diminish, so that the number of inhabitants will always keep within the limits of food. Let all resources be exhausted before we renounce "the things which make for peace."

Human enlightenment has so far made its way—the noble spirit of Christ's life has so far triumphed over the conflicting theologies of the parties who carry his various banners—that no sovereign can now safely invoke a war without pleading a sufficient reason for it. If it be a war of aggrandizement, he must allege that its purpose is to promote the interests of humanity; if it be a war of mere punctilio, like the present, he must declare that it is a struggle for the defence of his people.

The world shows no tendency to adopt the Quaker theory of self-defence. It is strongly felt that it is

every man's duty to defend his personal liberty against invasion. But here society has interposed to relieve him of the necessity, until statutes, sheriffs, judges and juries have beneficently superseded fists, poniards, and bludgeons. This shield, known in its collective character as Law, often proves a clumsy and precarious resort. It is sometimes unfair; occasionally it is very oppressive. Yet the appeal to it is safer than the old way, and good citizens yield to it because they feel, when the average is struck, that approximate justice has been done. Is it not possible to ordain an international code which shall settle national disturbances as this interpersal code settles personal disturbances?

War is the trade of barbarians. It destroys population and wealth and land and labor. It bankrupts and debauches the state, depraves men, defiles women, desolates families. The United States has sedulously avoided foreign wars, and its past presents a course of prosperous activity unparalleled in the history of man. There is nowhere a compensation for the misery which war engenders, any more than there is an offset for the wretchedness entailed by any other crime.

The time has come when enlightened nations ought to league themselves together to command peace, and to arbitrate all questions which are likely to lead to its infraction. In such an international federation, a system of checks and balances might surely be devised, which would at once restrain the arrogance of the strongest and secure the rights of the weakest. Is it not a fair inference that law is possible among nations because law is possible among men? Communities are only aggregated units, and that average sense to which individuals yield should be acceptable to the same individuals when they are organized in a state.

This congress of nations should be

made the court of last resort. It should be composed of delegates from every enlightened nation,—the vote of each delegation, upon every question, to be subject to ratification by the government which it represents. Its sessions should be practically perpetual. Its decision in every case should be absolute and final, admitting of no appeal to arms. In case of rebellion against its authority, the nations represented should combine against the one insurgent, and crush it as quickly as possible.

It is probable that such an irresponsible congress would occasionally enact injustice into law. Some nations might sometimes conspire and intrigue for the purpose of humiliating, or even of abolishing, a kingdom of whose influence they had become jealous. It is equally true that judges are sometimes corrupt in our courts, and juries are sometimes wickedly prejudiced and sometimes suborned,—but nobody proposes to abolish the judiciary.

The question is not, Would justice always result?—but, Would it not be more likely to result from the establishment of a supreme umpire-ship, than from the present brute law—the might and the whim of the strongest? Is not the rule of sheriffs and juries better, in the long run, than the rule of private revenge? So great a blessing will be the reign of the congregated nations!

A congress whose object it should be to maintain peace by force was first proposed by St. Pierre, and afterward by Kant, at the conclusion of the thirty-years war; and Henry of Navarre was the first monarch who embraced the project in earnest, his advocacy being cut short by his untimely death. The first international peace society was held in this country in 1815, after the second war with England; and in France a similar one was organized in 1821.

Almost all wars are ended by an official congress, composed of co-op-

erating sovereignties. The American Revolution was closed by the congress of Paris in 1782. The war of 1812 was terminated by the congress of Ghent in 1814. The war with Mexico was settled by the congress at Gaudalupe-Hidalgo in 1848. The weakness of these congresses is that they do not represent all the nations, and do not begin their beneficent intervention soon enough. Instead of preventing the conflict and compelling concord between the pugilists, they content themselves with declaring a peace when one side or both are exhausted.

It would compass the end at which humane persons aim, if these bodies would increase their numbers, and enlarge their scope, so that their action should become preventive instead of curative. If they have the power to say when the war shall end, they surely have the authority to command that it shall not begin.

The terrible conflict now raging in Europe is a disgrace to the whole civilized world; not only to the principals, but almost equally to the neutrals—to Great Britain, Russia, Spain, Austria, Italy, Sweden, Norway, and the United States—the nations that might have dictated terms and commanded peace, and did not. In this age, a war is as shameful and as inexcusable as a prize-fight; and the nation that fails to use all its power to prevent it, is as guilty as a police-officer who becomes accessory to a murder.

How much longer must the world wait for an international police, enforcing the decrees of an international congress? Is it not time for Christianity to prove its value by making itself the champion of this arbitration which will hasten the coming of the Prince of Peace? Man has lived to little purpose for two hundred generations, if he is yet too ignorant and vicious, too selfish and base, to exchange the barbarous *lex talionis* for the verdict of an enlightened reason

and conscience. He has yet scarcely taken his first infant step in self-government, if that average sense which he calls law is efficient as between two wranglers, but impotent as between two million.

An International Code of Peace is certain to be the rule of the future. The man who leads the world upward into that bright light will be greater than Joshua—greater than Alexander

or Cæsar or Bonaparte—<sup>2</sup>greater than Ulysses Grant or Bismarck. He will be a true follower of the divine Man of Nazareth, for he will have taught the highest law of self-defence, foreshadowing the time when statutes shall be superseded by personal conscience, when God's purpose shall become the law of every life, and His will shall be done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

## HEMLOCK HOLLOW.

BY HILDA ROSEVELT.

THE small and already decaying village of Wynham lies toward the west, beyond the hills which look down from rough and rocky eminences on the Hudson. In the early history of the country, this particular section gloried in being within the limits of one of the "river counties," and thus directly tributary to metropolitan life. But when the great railroads tapped the country, Wynham attained a sudden and green old age, and its social life gained a characteristic tone which more flourishing towns do not develop. During the summer it had also a mild exotic flavor, although it was by no means a fashionable, nor, in that acceptance of the term, *desirable* resort, for city people. Among this exotic class, with a view to economy, came one summer the family of Mr. Holt. The young ladies were not gratified with this arrangement; but several unsuccessful seasons (for the Misses Holt were still the undiminished Misses Holt) had been spent at the mountains and the sea-shore, and they were now to seek less expensive rural felicity, and find health, if not husbands, among the green hills of a farming community.

Adrienne, the youngest of the daughters, soon discovered herself possessed of an enthusiastic love for pastoral life, and, her father complained, nearly ruined him by ordering elaborate garden costumes and hamadryad forest dresses. Whether her admiration for pigs and chickens and those amiable looking large-eyed cows with which she held daily conversations over the fence, was the obscure means by which fate prepared her imagination for the love of Tom Lancaster, I cannot pretend to say. But she declared him to be one of "nature's noblemen," and a thousand thousand times better than the effete men whom she had known in New York society; and before the summer was over it was decided that "rural felicity" was to be hers *for life*.

It was not a brilliant match that she was to make; but there were older daughters than Adrienne, whose waiting for splendor was yet unrewarded, so that this bird in the hand seemed worth the holding.

Tom Lancaster was the owner of the large farm which was known as "Hemlock Hollow Farm," or more generally as "The Hollow." He



had inherited, besides the valuable ancestral acres, a handsome person and an air of indomitable good nature and self-assurance. The Lancasters had always been a handsome, high-spirited race. The various exploits of Tom, the last representative of the family, during the time of the sowing of his wild oats, were looked upon with a good deal of tolerance by the community at large, *because* his father had done so before him and his father before that. Indeed, the Tom of our story bore a remarkable resemblance to that wonderful portrait of "Old Tom" which had ornamented the low-ceiled parlor at "The Hollow" for many of the years which go to make up a century. "Old Tom" was a distinctive phrase in the county traditions, and the unarticulated surname was as inevitable as if he had been a Plantagenet. His prodigality and recklessness had been in reality, and were now in tradition, the sources of never-failing astonishment to the somewhat phlegmatic Dutch farmers; and, in explanation and extenuation, the epithet of "the Englishman" was sometimes added. Even after he had slept in his grave for fifty years, he was as real a person to many of the people as some of their flesh and blood neighbors; and I well remember that mothers were wont to subdue refractory children by suddenly hearing "Old Tom's" black horse galloping over the hill.

The milder doings of his son, and the mad pranks of his grandson, paled in the light of these traditions.

The old gray stone house, which looked out from its prim blinking windows with an air of quiet and pious tolerance, if traditions were to be credited, had known wild orgies and boisterous mirth in its youth. But for years past it had been quiet enough. Either from the influence of a more decorous century, or the somewhat austere presence of the Widow Lancaster, Tom's mother, there was a tinge of loneliness and even

gloom about the precise formality of the old rooms. The panacea for all of this cheerlessness would be the bright sunlight which Adrienne would let in upon her new carpets, the cheeriness of her own voice, and the well-filled guest-chambers—for her heart was already overflowing with vague hospitality toward her numerous city friends. Under such beneficent influences, those skeletons which go into every closet with the lath and plaster, and had probably been roaming at large through the uninhabited old mansion, would be exorcised.

But whatever the future mistress might think of the interior of the house, she pronounced the outside delightful. Such piazzas for the moonlight, and such shade trees for the sunshine!

It was one afternoon in the late summer when she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Lancaster and the old house; of both she stood in a certain degree of awe. Tom, however, was so tall, so strong, and had such an air of invincible assurance and power, that she could feel no fear of any danger, real or imaginary, under his protection. Nevertheless she was glad at length to sit down with him on the broad piazza, which the summer's sunshine flecked, illuminating the borders of the undecided leaf patterns, which had for years vainly endeavored to print their impress there.

Just beyond the house the quiet country road wound through a group of hemlocks, whose shadows lay cool and dark even at the brightest noon-day. The level country had sunk in a sort of a dry basin, but the mossy logs by the roadside retained their emerald verdure through the dryest summer. A lane opened through the dark shadows and showed in the vista of sunshine beyond, a small, brown, unpicturesque farm-house. It was the only evidence of any near human companionship. The other farm-houses which could be seen from the

piazza were beyond a little river, in the environs of the hills. But the thin blue smoke ascending from the broad chimney of the one not a quarter of a mile distant betokened near neighbors.

After Adrienne had exhausted a good many epithets in praise of her future home, to which Tom had listened and answered in his characteristic, jolly, good-natured manner, her attention was attracted by the figure of a woman issuing from the brown farm-house and proceeding in a picturesque, but at the same time business-like manner, to fill her pail at an adjoining well.

Adrienne was hardly convalescent from her boarding-school course of Italian literature, and asked Tom what "sylvan nymph" occupied the brown cottage.

"Old Mr. Townley lives there," he replied, somewhat inadvertently, for the woods and meadows were haunted for him only by gray squirrels and partridges.

"Mr. Townley must be a second Jeff. Davis," laughed Adrienne, pointing to the graceful figure already entering the house.

How the two enjoyed the little witicism, which was tolerably fresh then, and recalled innumerable laughable paragraphs from the daily papers! Tom, especially, laughed until the old house seemed to embody the echoes into a gratuitous laughter of its own, like some old or very dull person, whose merriment explodes after the company have done with the jest. He, in his mirth, forgot to give any more definite answer until the question was repeated, and then replied:

"Why, that, of course, is his daughter Miriam."

"If you'll please to remember that I'm not acquainted with the genealogy of all the families in the country, it will not be necessary to preface your information by 'of course,'" pouted Adrienne, who enjoyed pout-

ing because it was becoming, and because, according to the traditions of school-girls, it was proper to have an occasional quarrel with one's lover.

She suddenly remembered that she had met Miriam Townley at a picnic, where a sudden shower had produced that sort of recognition and good-fellowship which is wont to be the effect of moral and physical inclemencies. On that occasion the two girls had shared the same shawl, and Adrienne professed herself intensely interested in her country friend, as she chose to call her, and announced her intention of calling upon her forthwith.

Tom hinted vaguely that it would be better to wait until some other time. But this slight opposition made Adrienne positive that it would be a good thing to do at once.

Old Mrs. Lancaster shook her head ominously as she saw her white dress fluttering among the hemlocks. *She* could not appreciate the prettiness of Adrienne's wilfulness.

She returned a trifle disappointed, and acknowledged that her design of carrying Miriam Townley's friendship by storm was hardly a success. It was peculiarly humiliating, as no one was better aware than Adrienne of the charming condescension of the act.

"Do you know, Tom, dear," said she, confidently, "that I do n't believe that Miss—what's her name—is a bit glad to have me come here?"

Adrienne was charmingly infantile in most of her ideas and expressions, but she had learned that worldly trick of forgetting the name of any person whom she considered beneath her.

But either her pride was wounded or her incipient jealousy was aroused, for that evening, on one of the most charming of moon-lighted verandahs, redolent of the perfume of honey-suckles from the garden, and reverberating with the sound of a grand march from the piano in the parlor, when Tom was bidding her good-

night, she reverted again to the subject.

"Do n't you think," said she, filling each plump little white hand with silky brown whiskers, "do n't you think Miriam Townley is very handsome?"

Tom shook his head expressively, and thought her eyes were too black.

"Is she very wise? I thought perhaps so, she was so quiet. And what an odd shut-up look she has! I can't think where she gets it, always living here among the meadows and trees."

"Come, sit down and tell me all about her," she continued. "You might as well begin your task of story-telling, for I shall expect something as entertaining as the 'Thousand and One Nights' during the long winter evenings. If you do n't know any story about her, make up one."

"But I am not a good hand at story-telling, Addie," remonstrated Tom, who rejected her fashionable city name in their confidential conversations.

"I see that your education has been neglected, Sir. I shall be obliged to give you a lesson; and to begin—does she live there all alone with her father?"

The series of questions and cross-questions by which she elicited the story would certainly have done credit to a lawyer, and further evinced that if her future husband should chance to be a Bluebeard, she would certainly unlock the door which concealed his crimes, if she could find the key. Not that she was in that respect singular; for Fatima was only more fortunate, not less curious, than the innumerable wives whose headless bodies she discovered. This story was, however, a simple one, and did not need the intervention of the valiant brothers.

Miriam Townley lived at the little farm-house, with only her father, who was old, infirm, and tyrannical. Her mother died when Miriam was a mere

infant, and an older and only brother had taken almost a mother's care of her during her childhood. Years ago he had gone to the Far West, seeking for gold, and had never afterwards been heard from. But Miriam would never do for a friend for Addie. "Her hands were rough with hard work, and her voice was as coarse as a crow's." Tom drew his similes from familiar objects, in happy unconsciousness that there were tones in his own voice which suggested frequent and familiar conversation with those admittedly deaf animals that he drove afield on damp spring mornings to plow the fallowed ground. But, aside from the fact that his fields were broad and that this occupation discovered their hidden treasures like the garden in the fable, Adrienne really loved this handsome, broad-chested, full-voiced farmer. There was in the case just the faintest, the very faintest, glimmering of Titania's infatuation.

Tom had omitted one incident in this commonplace little country narrative by which he was somewhat intimately connected with the family. He had done so probably from that sensitiveness which we attribute to modesty, and which deters people from mentioning any instance which would redound to their own credit, especially if the act chance to be prompted by sentiment. Tom had been on terms of the most ardent boyish friendship with Ben Townley, the brother to whom he had alluded. It was rather an out-of-door intimacy, although not altogether confined to fishing excursions and murderous designs on rabbits and gray squirrels; for Tom was glad to escape from his somewhat gloomy and formal home, where the Widow Lancaster thought it incumbent upon herself to maintain something of the dignity due to an old family, to have a jolly time around the glowing fire in the kitchen at the Townley's. Tom and Ben shared their sentiments and aspira-

tions in common. Tom's were mostly expectations of the time when he should reach man's estate, with at least an echo of the mirth and festivities which tradition ascribed to it during the palmy days of his grandfather. Ben's were vaguer anticipations of a future which would enable him to give his little sister fine clothes and plenty of servants to wait upon her.

One day, while he was yet hardly any more than a boy, an unusually violent quarrel with his father determined him to go at once and seek that fortune of which he had been dreaming. The boys parted with many professions of friendship, and promises on Tom's part to befriend Miriam, who was at that time a violent and ungovernable girl of ten. In only a few years, Ben said, he would come back with money enough to educate Miriam, who would then be the finest, as she would undoubtedly be the handsomest, lady in the land.

It would have been a happy thing for Miriam if her brother's dreams had been even faintly realized. As it was, it was an unhappy thing that, with a passionate woman's heart, she was left with only that to guide her. Ten years had passed, but her brother had not come back, and she had developed into a handsome but somewhat ignorant country-girl, who would obviously never be a congenial companion for Adrienne. Report said she was congenial enough to Tom, who had never ceased to take a great interest in her; and, if such a connection had been consistent with the honor of the Lancaster family, Mr. Holt might have practised economy unavailingly during that eventful summer. But it would not be strange if some romantic ideas should attach to his boyish friendship. Tom would, of course, be the last man to mention such a thing, as he afterward had occasion to intimate to his wife.

It was not until the following spring that the young wife came to take pos-

session of the old house at Hemlock Hollow. It seemed to her that the whole country was looking its very best to receive her. And the whole house seemed something wonderful as they approached it. The afternoon sun was gilding the small square panes of glass in the narrow old-fashioned windows, and in the steep "double-pitched" roof the two dormer windows glowed like brilliant eyes, that were at the same time looking out upon and lighting up the surrounding country. It was a view of meadow and river closely shut in by an amphitheatre of hills, with the bluest arc of sky spanning the picture. This was toward the south. At the north lay the great hemlock forest, and beyond that the village of Wyndham, and from there a broader expanse of country. It was the loveliest of situations; not a place, certainly, for a young life to find a full development, but a place where one might stop and wait for death. Tom and Adrienne, however, thought it the place to live; and Tom certainly ought to know, for he had lived there for twenty-eight years, and I have only seen the place and felt the weird influence of the gossipy old hemlocks that cast their sombre shadows over it. But that pair of dashing boys that had a reputation in the county, took Tom to and from town daily; and the old gray stone house represented to him little more than a bank of special payments, where his drafts for large or small amounts were sure to be honored, whether it was only for a piece of pie from the pantry or some hundreds of bushels of corn from the granary. It was a necessity which he honored as a necessity; but it had not much meaning beyond that. He, however, always called it home, and had a certain pride in its being something better—an old homestead.

Mrs. Lancaster, in a rustling black silk and the stiffest of caps, which every reader with moderate oppor-

tunities for observation knows to be the synonym of country respectability, welcomed Adrienne. But silks and caps were foreign elements which Mrs. Lancaster never succeeded in assimilating with her person, and Adrienne suffered under her unhappy consciousness of it. "Old Charry"—the local abbreviation for Charity—was a Lancaster—"proud to be a Lancaster," as she informed her young mistress before she had been in the house half an hour, and graciously commenced to relate the annals of the family, about which she knew more than any person living.

Adrienne was delighted with her, and learned all of the traditions and examined all the curiosities of the house under her auspices, and thought that the old black cook, who prided herself upon once having been a slave in the family, was the most interesting of all of the family possessions, not excepting even the famous portrait, the old clock, and the spinning-wheels.

The summer came and went, bringing with it crowds of Adrienne's city friends, making the old place gay enough, and delightful in its isolation. The young mistress dispensed country hospitalities charmingly, and her refining influence had certainly softened some of the asperities which had been observable in Tom's manner.

The autumn came, and the old place was more beautiful than ever. Aunt Charry's hollyhocks and marigolds flaunted in the garden, the woodbine grew crimson against the gray walls, and the maples shone out in scarlet and golden flames, lighting up the sombre forest. But the days seemed to lengthen. Each one grew to be a little eternity. Adrienne's crochet work grew to be a burden, and the last new novel a weariness to the flesh. Aunt Charry's family stories made her blood run cold, and her mother-in-law's manner did not warm her. But Tom was the same dear

good fellow as ever, and that was a comfort, as she herself expressed it in all of her confidential letters to her friends. For her despair in this solitude was not voiceless. The feeling, it must be acknowledged, seemed somewhat analytical; at least, it was not obvious, for she kept up a merry rivalry on the piano to her canary singing at the window in the sun. She knew in her heart that it was only showing a bold front to silence and solitude, but felt that she would never be the real captive of despair, however much she might talk about it, as long as she could overawe those messengers. And, summer or winter, she was determined never to yield as long as Tom remained the "dear good fellow" that he always had been. It became quite evident that she could never believe him to be anything else. To be sure, he went to town oftener and oftener, in the evening as well as the daytime; and instead of the long stories to beguile the winter evenings, she had usually only the dull net-work of her own fancies, with the one bright thread running through them.

There was a pretty gracefulness about her devotion which was made up of such trifles that Tom was for the most part unconscious of it, but upon which her happiness largely depended. I think she would almost have enjoyed doing something—some very little thing—which would have made society stare, at Tom's request.

She prepared delightful little surprises for him by dressing herself in his favorite color, and various feminine devices of like nature. The admiration and envy which such things excited among her unmarried lady friends, were in a way compensations to her. They could see plainly enough by her happiness that it must be a delightful thing to sacrifice one's taste in dress, or even to wear the hair in an unbecoming manner, to please a husband's fancy. Adrienne never spoke of the difficulty

she had in getting at her husband's opinions, or how utterly regardless he was of her compliance to his wishes. Just how much she knew of the wild stories which were beginning to be revived about her husband, no one could ever ascertain; she at least appeared charmingly innocent.

It was during Adrienne's second winter in the country that Tom came in the room where she was sitting one afternoon. He was oblivious to the slippers which she suggested, and threw himself down on the pretty, but somewhat defaced, crimson rep lounge, in boots that plainly testified his devotion to the handsome bays in the stable. He finished the novel which he found tucked under the sofa pillow open at the place where he had left it. The novel was in a yellow and highly illustrated cover, and Tom pronounced it a "good story."

"Well, Addie," he continued, stretching out his lazy length under the genial influence of a blazing wood fire, "it's the finest kind of sleighing; would n't you like to go to town with me to-night?"

"Yes; but the baby is croupy, and I fear I must n't leave her."

"Well, then, have tea early, for I want to get off; and do n't sit up for me to-night."

"But you won't be out late to-night, will you?"

"No, no; but you look tired and worn out. Perhaps you had better go out for a ride a little while now."

Adrienne smiled—it was so like Tom's thoughtfulness—and answered that she would go.

"John will have time to drive for you as far as you will care to ride," observed Tom, dismissing the subject as of no further interest to him.

"I supposed that *you* wanted to take me to ride," said Adrienne, with a little bitterness, for the gloss was off the courtesy, and it was only that which had pleased her.

Her husband replied that she was

"a sentimental little fool," and laughed so heartily at her tears, which had begun to flow, but withal with such good nature, that she forgot her brief resentment and joined in the merriment, deciding at the same time to wait until the morning for her ride, when she would accompany him to the village.

"I think Miriam Townley has come back to the little farm-house," remarked Adrienne, incidentally, at the tea table.

"Miriam Townley!" responded Tom, rather blankly.

"Yes. There is nothing singular about that, is there? The only unaccountable thing is that I have not yet quite decided whether I saw her or not."

And then she told how she had been tempted by the bright sunshine to take a walk in the afternoon, and how she had gone on and on with a sort of childish delight, because the crust would sustain her weight, until she reached the farm-house. She had been walking in a sort of a maze—half blinded by the sun, but as she approached the house she raised her eyes suddenly and thought she saw Miriam Townley's face in the window; but it disappeared, and when she went nearer and looked in, everything seemed so dreary and desolate that she ran away as quickly as she could.

The house had been unoccupied ever since Adrienne had lived at the "Hollow." Old Mr. Townley died before she came there, and Miriam disappeared shortly after his death. Nobody seemed to know anything of her. Scandal had been busy with her name in connection with Tom Lancaster's; but it is not likely that the stories which were freely whispered about the community ever grew loud enough to reach the young wife's ears.

Adrienne, sitting by the window, after Tom had left her, saw him pause for a moment at the turning of the



lane; but it was only for a moment, and then he drove rapidly on.

He spent the evening in the village under convivial circumstances, as he was accustomed to spending many of his evenings, and was among the last of the "jolly set" to leave "Bill's" comfortable bar-room. After he had gone, and the sound of the sleigh-bells had died on the early morning air, "Bill," the obese landlord, remarked that "the old sign of the 'Eagle' would swing as long as there was a Lancaster in the country," and further added that "Young Tom, if he keeps on at the rate he's been going lately, will be as famous as his grandfather at fifty."

While they were still talking, there was a dash of sleigh-bells down the village street, which stopped suddenly in front of their door. They both hurried out, and found Tom's horse, dragging after it the shattered remains of the sleigh.

It is possible that their intellects were not of the clearest after their night's potations; but they were sufficiently so to enable them to comprehend that some accident must have befallen a companion, and that further sobered them.

The horse stood trembling and with distended nostrils; but a few soothing words and caresses quieted him. It was the work of but a few moments to attach another sleigh, and they were soon far out on the country road. It was a bright moonlight night, and the two men found nothing in the road but now and then a piece of the broken sleigh for the two or three miles before reaching the hemlocks.

For half a mile they drove silently through the dense shadows, startlingly flaked here and there with moonlight, seeing nothing. Suddenly the horse stopped and trembled, and then they saw before them what they had been looking for, and in another moment they saw that he was dead. Half in the moonlight, half in the shadow,

with his handsome face turned upward toward the sky, and in his fair, smooth temple, from which the winter wind had blown the brown wavy hair, a small round hole; but the limbs were motionless—the voice was mute.

In the village there were awe, consternation, and the wildest conjecture for days and weeks. But no clue was furnished by which the perpetrator of this crime could be discovered. It looked like revenge, they said, for his money and some valuable papers were undisturbed. The city detectives were baffled in their search, and gave it up after months of unavailing effort, with curses upon their lips at the slowness of a country town where the people let hours and days pass in unavailing conjecture, before appealing to their valuable assistance.

But Adrienne! Again in her city home; but the shadows of the hemlocks never left her heart, and all the hours echoed with the pitiful refrain to all her sad musings, "If I had only gone with him!" It was only the philosophy of the loving heart, which believes if the shield of its presence had been interposed on the one fateful occasion, the evil—whatever it may be—would forever pass by. The gray ashes with which the past two years had faintly sprinkled the Townley story were easily raked aside, and rumor burned fiercer than ever. It was said that Miriam had been seen in the vile obscurity of one of the most disreputable streets of New York, and that she manifested an impotent rage against one who had caused her name to be dishonored, and placed her where a life of shame was almost inevitable. But it was incontestibly proved that this horrible crime was not the result of her hatred. She was, and had been for months, confined within prison walls for some of the pettiest misdemeanors of which the law takes cognizance. As various things which

had been vaguely known were brought out into strong relief, the virtuous indignation of the good country-people was aroused, and even in the grave Tom's name had less of honor and praise than was accorded to it during his lifetime. The good people seemed to think that a beneficent Creator had thrown them this bit of carrion, and they waxed fat over it.

Whether Adrienne had really seen any one at the old Townley farmhouse, or whether it was only an image of her imagination, provoked by old association, could never be ascertained. People said "Murder will out," and tried to help its development by suggesting that Ben Townley's face and his sister's were almost fac-similes, and that he would not have hesitated to take such a revenge upon desecrated friendship and dishonored trust. The snow, which records many involuntary confessions of a thief or murderer, had been washed away by a rain before its testimony could be made available; and, for aught that could be ascertained to the contrary, he was sleeping in a nameless grave on some Western plain or mountain. But the people still rely on the old adage, with much the same sort of faith with which people in olden times relied on the Delphic Oracle; an explanation will sometime ensue, or the event will be forgotten.

In the meantime, the Lancaster homestead has passed into other hands. Tom's mother had happily died before this tragedy had cast a gloom over the Lancaster name, and with the exception of "Old Charry," there was no one left to mourn the fallen glory of the house. She herself saw the old spinning-wheels brought from the garret and converted into firewood! That told the history of an upstart family who did not know what it was to have a grandmother. And so the story of the Lancasters, in only a few years, a very few years, died out of even the old house.

But at the Hollow, just where the road turns—where the sun on summer afternoons gilds the moss growing green beneath the hemlocks, and where on winter nights the moon peers over their tall tops and glistens on the dead-white snow on the quiet roadside—just there the story has never died. Travellers passing this unfrequented road, winter or summer, point to a spot beyond the three sentinel-like trees which mark the place where the unused lane leaves the main road, and say, "Just there they found him;" and they hear the mysterious trees talking it over among themselves on tempestuous nights, or telling it in the ominous silence of mid-day.

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## REMEMBRANCE-FLOWERS.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

BRING flowers to bind my hair:  
 Bring violets, purple with the shadowy light  
 That lingers in the haunts where wood-nymphs are—  
 Bring them to me to-night!

Bring spicy heliotropes:  
 Their deep and subtle fragrance haunts me yet;  
 Of many a dream, of tender, perished hopes,  
 They whisper, in regret.

Bring roses, wet with dew:  
 I used to wear them in my hair, when I  
 Thought all the world was beautiful and true;—  
 I've laid such fancies by!

I think of one sweet night  
 When violet blossoms shone upon my breast,  
 And roses blushed—their pink lips in delight  
 To heliotropes pressed,

Among my shining hair;—  
 I see again the rippling river gleam  
 Beneath the moonlight, as we wandered there,  
 To talk sweet things and dream.

He whispered tender words,  
 And said the world to him was strangely fair;  
 And talked of flowers and love and singing birds,  
 And charmed me unaware.

How thrilled my heart that night!  
 It throbbed and beat against my foolish breast,  
 And I was filled, half with a wild delight,  
 And half with strange unrest.

How fair life seemed to be!  
 I thought it was a poem wondrous sweet,  
 Set to a new delightful melody  
 That years could but repeat.

That night, before he went,  
 I gave him, from my hair, a musky rose,  
 And heliotropes, faint with their spice-sweet scent,  
 And purple pansy-blows.

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Bring flowers to bind my hair:  
 Bring wormwood, for it tells of grief and pain;  
 Bring rosemary, that tells us of despair,  
 And longings, always vain.

No, bring me poppies red:  
 I'd rather have them than the sweetest rose  
 Or fairest violets;—about my head  
 They'll whisper of repose.

Yes, bring me poppy-blooms,  
 To steep my senses in forgetfulness;—  
 Beneath the thralldom of their strange perfumes  
 Old memories will rest.

They'll help me to forget:  
 'Tis better to forget old dreams and hopes  
 Than think of them, when thinking is regret;—  
 Take out these heliotropes!

## THE TWO GREAT POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

BY W. P. MOWRAS.

IF any two countries are destined to become the great empires of the New and the Old Worlds, they are the United States of North America and Russia—the only two nations which seem to understand the secret of how to assimilate and extend their respective nationalities as well as their frontiers. Among the larger states of Central and Western Europe—the so-called great powers—the impulse to expand is either extinguished already or gradually dying out. They begin now to direct their attention to the development and consolidation of their present possessions, and less to the acquisition of new ones. Geographically, ethnologically and politically speaking, they will henceforth keep themselves within clearly-defined limits; and any future changes or modifications which may occur in them will, therefore, possess rather a local than an international interest. But while this impulse to expand and absorb diminishes or expires in some nationalities, it grows in others, and that on a scale unprecedented in history since the downfall of the Roman Empire, save in the exceptional case of some savage conqueror like Attila or Genghis Khan, but never connected in regular chronological progression with any civilized people. To the latter class belong the United States and Russia; to the former, Prussia, Spain, Italy, France, and even Great Britain. Thus, Prussia's ambition is strictly confined to the unity and regeneration of Germany; beyond that she has no aspirations, no plans. Not even the most sanguine Prusso-German unitarian will dream of universal dominion, hardly

even of the absorption of the non-German provinces of Austria. Spain has long abandoned all pretensions to exert any political influence on the outside world. Once ruling over two hemispheres, she can now hardly maintain order at home. Her colonial possessions are to her rather a source of weakness than of strength, and she will not be tempted to increase them. Italy stands in the same position as Prussia, and desires nothing more than to add Rome to the new monarchy. France, at one period of her history ready to contest with the Anglo-Saxons the possession of North America, and to people the New World with another great French nation, has lost that magnificent heritage. Her descendants have disappeared from this continent. Louisiana passed out of her hands when the First Napoleon conceived the project of making himself the master of Europe; and at the present moment half a million of Franco-Canadians, the fragment of a lost nationality surrounded by an alien race, alone remains to tell the story of what might have been. The power of France centres entirely in her Gallic provinces. Algeria is confessedly a failure, and the Mexican adventure was probably her last attempt to extend her authority beyond the seas. She has fleets, an extensive commerce, shipping, political prestige, and some colonies; but no hopes of decisively shaping the future map of the world. Great Britain, still ruling in all quarters of the globe, and owning vast territories in every region, is certainly a cosmopolitan power; but a closer examination will show that in her

case, too, the process of retrogression has set in. She has lost the North American colonies. Canada and Australia are rapidly preparing for independence; and even India will obey the same law by which these full-grown children ultimately sever their connection with the parent land. England, satiated with conquest and wealth, no longer feels the impulse to expand which the England of former times experienced. If the surrender of the Ionian Islands was a sign of the impending change in her foreign policy, the ease with which the temptation to hold Abyssinia and to establish herself on the highway to India was resisted, is a still stronger one. A century ago, such an opportunity to add to the national domain a country successfully overrun by her arms, would not have been lost.

An entirely different state of things meets us on the North American continent. Even were the United States never to absorb Mexico and the republics of Central and South America, they would still possess an immense territorial area, flanked on each side by an ocean, and extending in one direction to the icebergs of the high north, and in the other into the tropics. What a grand perspective is here opened to the development of a hardy, energetic, progressive people, in a home so lavishly endowed by nature in soil, climate, and products! Since the earliest settlement of the country, the law that the population doubles every twenty years has been of constant recurrence. As long as the increase progressed on a basis of hundreds and thousands, it hardly attracted the wondering gaze of the world. But it was otherwise when the progression began to be computed by millions. The United States count already as many inhabitants as France, and even more than England. To this increase of population must be added the truly miraculous manifestations of strength, of enterprise, of natural resources, of facilities of

communication, of room for colossal undertakings,—in one word, of a career without limits, a sky without horizon. And in this connection two circumstances deserve special mention. This growth has always been of an organic nature; the steady influx from the Old World was nothing more than an exterior accretion. In the Western Hemisphere foreign elements assimilate as readily with the social body as the natural food with the animal body, or as the sea absorbs the waters of the countless streams and springs that flow into it. Moreover, this growth of population has upon the whole been singularly independent of peace or war, of order or anarchy, of good harvests or bad, of the most favorable commercial conjunctions or the most disastrous monetary crises. This growth has neither been perceptibly accelerated by the events of the one class, nor signally retarded by those of the other. The geographical conditions of the country appear everywhere to afford ample scope and opportunity to seek something new and better, and to escape the evils of one locality by removing into another. These natural advantages, this enterprise of the people, which communicates itself to all newly-annexed elements in some mysterious way; this independent social movement, together with a deeply-implanted municipal spirit which acts the part of pioneer for the state, which plants the community and the seeds of political life in the remotest deserts,—these were, and still are, the agencies that outweigh all other influences. The Revolutionary struggle and the war for the Union, with their attendant and subsequent confusion, are striking proofs of this truth. The growth of the nation, the expansive force of the Anglo-Saxon race, was never interrupted in the least by either the one or the other. During the Revolution, England allied herself with the wild Indian tribes, but the emigration to the West received no

appreciable check. Whatever political complications, whatever constitutional changes, the United States may be destined to undergo within the next decades, the Americans will continue to approach with progressively accelerated speed the goal where an area as large as Europe, and a people equally numerous, will enable them to shape the destinies of the world. By this we mean a people which will speak the same language, which will carry about with it, in spite of some immaterial deviations, the same social and political structure, and with these combine similar manners, similar enterprise, unmeasured wealth and inexhaustible resources, as well for peaceful fructifying purposes as for incalculable mischief. There is, as far as we are aware, no parallel case in the history of mankind. Such a state of things, or even a close approximation to it, must exert the most profound effects on the entire earth round, but more especially on Europe.

A similar perspective is opened to the mind on turning to Russia. No greater contrast can well be conceived than that which Russia and the United States present as regards intelligence and the principles of society and of government; and yet we discover in both in many respects the same movement to the same goal. Of Russia, too, it may be said that she has grown up unnoticed, but rapidly, a menace to Europe by her size and power. It is not by the absolute number of inhabitants, not by the mere number of square miles, that she looms so ominously into the future, but by the free scope she has for the largest development, for the steady growth, for the continued advance, for a mighty concentration of forces, and for the instinctive faith in a great and glorious destiny through the peculiarly favorable distribution of the Slavonic races. Herein lies the contradistinction to the circumscribed bounds, to the density of population, in France, England and Germany. The central and the

southern portions of Russia are capable of an immense increase of population. To one-half of an empire which already numbers seventy-five millions of souls, this increased density of population is merely a question of time. The accumulation of capital and a great railway system which annihilates distance, are in these regions little more than the question of a comparatively speaking not remote day. And what position will Russia then occupy? Her advance into the heart of Asia, the policy she pursues so doggedly on her European frontier, and the peculiar relations which exist along this frontier—all these are a part of that picture which has too often been drawn to be here again repeated in detail.

Thus the United States and Russia loom up in the social and political horoscope of mankind with a significance hardly yet adequately realized, and with the peculiar expansive power common to both. There the intelligence and the prestige of the individual are the pioneers; here they are the centralized form of the government. There the ploughshare leads the advance; here the sword and intrigue. There the contest is mostly with nature; here the battle is with civilization on the frontier. There liberty constitutes the main lever; here it is a government halting midway between a despotism and an enlightened absolutism. But there, as well as here, is a system—and a system that stands high above the individual caprice of rulers—which has its root in the character, the disposition and the history of a people. One thing more may be added: Neither in the United States nor in Russia exists the schism between the church and the social and political tendencies which we encounter in the greater part of Central and Western Europe. Both there and here, they go hand in hand. In America this schism is bridged over by the free church in the free state; in Russia by servitude and Cæsaro-



papism. In the United States still reverberate some of the sounds which the Anglo-Americans heard sang at their cradle. Certain characteristics were in this way early impressed upon them by the New England colonists—men chiefly sprung from the middle classes, who were imbued with the British municipal spirit, who loved work and enlightenment, and who were at the same time daring political iconoclasts and devout but narrow-minded and exclusive sectarians. In the direction which the social and political life has mainly taken, that which was intolerant and exclusive is, however, gradually evaporating in the American atmosphere. The better parts survive still.

And how stands non-Russian Europe by the side of the young American giant and the northern Colossus? As regards the industrial life, inventive genius, means of communication, intelligence, and the material side of the international relations, it enjoys a prosperity never known before. Literature has perhaps passed from its golden into its silver age, and seems even here and there to occupy a still lower place. In the domain of politics the new and the old are constantly at war. By a combination of familiar circumstances the organic development was blighted at the close of the middle ages. With the foundation of the municipal, provincial, and national life, began the interference of absolutism. A revolution followed; and though absolutism was left without a leg to stand on, society, in its lower strata, is not yet sufficiently trained for the proper exercise of the fullest political liberty. In an international sense, co-operation has become more and more difficult in Europe. The balance of power never attained an organic state; the Holy Alliance, the Pentarchy, have disappeared like shadows. Instead of a policy based on principle, legitimate popular aspirations, national similitudes and fluctuating interests have

crossed each other, dissolving the old ties without forming new and durable ones. The anatomization on international grounds progressed and produced a kaleidoscope from the European elements which still exhibits at each turn some new combinations and figures. Under the two-fold influences of these internal and international relations, the standing armies have been augmented at an incredible cost, and are in a fair way of becoming still more costly. But every excess is fatal to itself: and it is therefore safe to predict that a period must come when the ruling military system will inflict on itself a fatal blow. Amidst these tendencies there is, however, a more important one, which is quietly but steadily making its way. European society is becoming more democratic with each decade. Let us conceive Europe to be a few decades older. She will then be far advanced on the road to democracy. Simultaneously with this advance, the natural causes of the expansion of the United States and Russia will have assumed colossal, almost unwieldy, proportions. A society imbued with the genius of democracy will be principally governed by two passions—a love of freedom and a love of equality. Of these two, the latter passion invariably proves the stronger. As this rule holds good even in relation to democracies which have grown up sound as a tree from the root upward under the most auspicious historical conditions, it must be still more applicable to such a state of things as has existed in Europe, and as will still continue to exist there hereafter. But the passion for political equality—whenever the decision of the question is left to it—will either confer equal rights upon all, or deprive all equally of independence and political influence. There is a nobler love of equality which can bear to behold superiority in its appropriate sphere without envy; but then the road must be open to all, for ambition naturally aspires also to that sphere.

And there is another, meaner love of equality, which seeks to drag all down to its own level, and decidedly prefers an equality of servitude and degradation to inequality. Let us imagine such a period, when Europe, divided against herself, will be essentially democratic; and who shall venture to say whether the nobler or the meaner instinct will be in the ascendant? Where the former predominates—if the United States and Russia progress as seems ordained by destiny—there the harvest will be ripe for the American sickle; where the latter prevails, there it will be ripe for the Russian. Either for the sickle or the pruning-knife,—for analogous conditions may be engrafted in the place of conquest, and there may come a despotism under this or that form, or democratic liberty in this or that political guise. Europe has no need to become, as Napoleon remarked, either Republican or Cossack, but she can well be relatively both at the same time. Then, and not until then, will have arrived the hour when North America must govern one half and Russia the other half of the globe.

This inner development process, sketched briefly in the foregoing pages, has evidently a tendency altogether different from the one generally received, namely: that the American Republic and the Autocrat of all the Russias will some day fight Western Europe side by side. The commercial interests of the United States ren-

der an alliance for such a purpose extremely unlikely, though they might possibly make jointly war on a single European State. But, upon the whole, we incline to the belief that it would be a mistake to attach any great practical importance to the symptoms of certain elective affinities which seem rather traditional than existing. It is true that the courtiers of Catherine delighted in drawing a parallel between herself and Washington; that Alexander I. was flattered by the same compliment; and that Nicholas declared to Senator Douglas that there were only two sensible systems of government in the world—the American and the Russian; that the ovations paid to our iron-clads were highly gratifying; but it would be by no means safer to deduce practical results from all these demonstrations than from the recent Congressional expressions of sympathy with Crete. Since 1848 Congress has not at all been reticent in relation to European affairs when it suited its views, but deeds have never yet followed the words. Still, as long as the power of the United States is not decidedly superior to that of France or England, it is possible that common hatred, common interest, common rivalry, may some day ally them to Russia. But in proportion as America approaches its natural goal, as it preponderates, the eventuality of such an alliance loses all probability.

## LEGEND OF FEDERAL BOTTOM.

BY MR. SOCRATES HYACINTH.

AMONG the tributaries of the Beautiful River which flow down through the Buckeye State, there is one celebrated for its picturesqueness. It is called the Muskingum, which name, in the original vernacular, signifies "the twinkle of the elk's eye." And a jolly little river it is, on a summer's day,—winking at all the red-jowled old farmers as it goes along; winking very slyly with one eye at their cherry-cheeked girls, and then with the other at their big, good-natured hobbledoys; winking at the sleepy villages and the sunny fields of bright green maize; winking at the huge white-armed sycamores and the willows, whose silly little leaves dance the livelong day in a flutter of delight at such flattery; winking at the bright spring-beauties, the dandelions and the nodding May-weed on the grassy banks; winking at the huge round eyes of the coal-mines, which glower blackly down on the merry little river, as it goes skipping, dancing, bobbing, bouncing and winking along.

There was a certain community dwelling on the bank of the Muskingum which was famed for its patriotism. First, the name of their county was Washington. Second, the half-moon meadow formed here by one of those beautifully superfluous sinuosities which the Muskingum loves, was called by them Federal Bottom. Third, the little creek emptying into the river at the lower horn of this half-moon bottom received the patriotic appellation of Congress Run. Thus fortified by nomenclature, they abode in profound and tranquil security.

On the opposite side of the river is

the precipitous and sterile range known as Tick Hill, said to be so called because it is so poor that the early inhabitants always bought and sold on tick. On its summit there stands a tree, celebrated far and wide as the Crooked Tree, which is so very crooked that no farmer who looks at it can ever strike a straight furrow afterward.

Just a mile from the river, up the dreary hollow of Congress Run, many years ago—so long ago that nobody remembered beyond him—a queer old codger cleared away a little space among the lordly sugar-trees, and built a log-cabin in the centre of it, beside the creek. He was known far and near as Daddy Childs; and the clearing, which never became any wider, was called Childs' Place. Strange and wonderful were the stories told to children and superstitious persons about Daddy Childs. Among other things, they declared that his wife, when she made his clothes, spread the cloth on the floor, laid him down on it, and cut them out by the shape of his body. In consequence of this, his trousers were so loose and bagging on him that you could have put into the top of them a bushel of beans.

He wore neither shoes nor coat in any season, and always had his striped waistcoat and shirt opened in the front, where the hair on a triangular space had grown so abundant that, when he came into a neighbor's house after facing a snow-storm, his breast would be as white as his silvered beard. He was a short, stubby little man, with very long red feet, and red face. He always had his yellow woollen shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows,

displaying forearms as hairy-black as a bear's, though he never did anything. His hat was rolled up on two sides, and he always wore it until he went to bed, when he took it off with both hands and set it bottom side up; and in the morning he put it on with both hands, always with the same end forward. When he got that on, he pulled on his other garments.

He was always walking about with a white hickory staff, and often went to tattle with the neighbors; but nobody could tell what in the world Daddy Childs did for a living. His cabin stood in his clearing, without a fence or a bush or a stalk of maize about it, and the honest farmers wondered and cudgelled their brains a great deal to "contrive" how the stumps were all cleared out so quickly. More than one good and simple soul believed there had been some witchcraft about that stump-clearing. There it was,—that smooth, grassy, stumpless plat; with the path down to the spring; the cabin, with its puncheon-door, and the latch-string hanging out; the knees and the weights on the roof, and the ponderous stone chimney outside;—not a shadow or a vestige of anything else; no evidences of housekeeping in sight; not even a long-handled gourd swinging against the logs. When did Daddy Childs come there? Nobody knew. He had always been there. Some of the most inquisitive spirits of the neighborhood visited him at times, but they never could find him doing anything, and his wife was always rocking sullenly in the chimney corner.

Strange and terrifying stories were narrated of the house of Daddy Childs, and there were people who would not on any account pass it after nightfall. One related to gaping hearers how he had seen a head of flame thrust out of the chimney in the evening, with drops of fiery blood dripping down from its severed neck. Another had, at the dead of a moonlight night, seen Daddy Childs driv-

ing a yoke of fiery-eyed oxen over a hill, hitched to a bob-sled, on which his wife was riding. But nobody could find out anything positively evil concerning him, and all the neighbors were quiet rural people; so he was allowed to remain—a mystery to some, a terror to others. Some asked, "What good does such a man in the world?" We shall see.

One day, in the hay-making month of July, Daddy Childs seized his white hickory staff and started down the hollow. He walked briskly along, with his head leaned forward, and his long silvery locks streaming down his shoulders, and keeping time to his short steps with his staff. He trudged through the majestic orchards of sugar-trees, and past the pellucid pools of the creek, where the great-bellied cows stood deep in the water, cooling their udders and sleepily chewing their cuds; nor did he glance aside even when little Bunny whipped up a lofty tree, and squatted on a limb fifty feet above him, cocking his brush gayly up over his back, peering down at him with one eye, and saying, "Squk, wuk, wuk!" None of these things did he regard, but walked right on.

Presently he emerged from the sugar-trees and approached the little creek meadow, wherein the hearty old bachelor, Halford Pinbury, was raking hay into windrows up on the hillside. Now, Halford Pinbury, bachelor though he was, was celebrated for the mince pies, cheese, mustard cider, and hickory nuts kept at his house, of which he was pretty fond himself; and, seeing Daddy Childs climb over the fence, he was reminded of his mustard cider, went and lifted a wisp of hay off the jug, and took a judicious draught. Then he squatted down, stuck the tail of his rake into a summer-crack, rubbed his arm over his forehead, winked wickedly with his right eye, and laughed to himself. He watched Daddy Childs, as he shuffled or

skated along with his naked feet, breaking down the stubble. The old man did not approach him, but passed straight along at the foot of the hill; and when he was nearly opposite, he waved his white staff above his head, and cried out, without stopping for a moment —

"Beware of Jim Crow and his rebel rout!"

Upon this Halford Pinbury rose up, standing full six feet high, winked mischievously with his right eye, and laughed. Then he leaned on his rake with his left hand, and called after him:

"Hillo! Say, now! It's in the old of the moon. Come up! 'T is n't going to rain to-day. Come up and try some! By hokey, there's no use in worrying yourself so this hot day!"

The old man stopped not for a moment, but turned his head back, waved his staff again, and cried out as before. Halford Pinbury sat down by his rake and watched him, as he hastened along, until he saw him ascend the hill, climb the fence, and disappear. Then he arose and went to raking again, muttering:

"Humph! what is the old loney at now, I wonder?"

As the old man reached the top of the meadow, he came in sight of Tick Hill, and the ample fields of the river farms lay all before him, in the yellow ripeness and mellowness of the harvest-time. O beautiful valley of the Muskingum, in thy summer wealth of farms, between the green and sunny rims of thy hills; with thy evergreen-embowered homes among the fields, and thy hearty old-time farmers, challenging each the other to a friendly trial by the ringing of the whetted scythes; or the cohorts of the contending harvesters, with the swift and whirling swoop of the cradles through the swaying grain, while the whistling quail keeps time upon the fence;—did ever human eyes behold a lovelier!

But the old man heeded none of

these things. He only strode right on across the stubbly wheat-field, swinging his hairy-black arms, and looking neither to the right nor to the left. Under a spreading mulberry-tree there sat a squad of Farmer Pinbury's jolly harvesters at their forenoon lunch; but when their eyes fell upon Daddy Childs, they all stopped eating, and began to hoot and whistle and utter cat-calls. Hagerman, who was a facetious fellow, called out:

"Well, old cock, you look pretty red around the gills to-day! You'll have to walk faster than that if ever you catch up with your wits again! Seen 'em pass here long ago, in the hind part of the morning. But they was so monstrous little you'll never find 'em without puttin' on your leather specs."

With that he tossed up a mulberry, which descended through his huge black beard straight into his mouth. Then he said, muttering to himself:

"The devil is in him."

But the old man gave no attention to these taunts, but swung his white staff aloft, and mournfully cried:

"Beware of Jim Crow and his rebel rout!"

But all the jolly harvesters, with one accord, answered him:

"Sho! Daddy Childs."

Little red-headed Danny was bringing out a jug of dogwood beer to them, whistling like a quail, and stepping with one very long step and one short one, while the jug thumped against his leg. As soon as he espied Daddy Childs, he dropped the jug, and ran and hid himself in a wheat-shock.

When the old man passed down the lane near Farmer Pinbury's house, the farmer was mending a gate. Not for a moment did he turn aside, but only called out, waving his white staff:

"Beware of Jim Crow and his rebel rout!"

The little farmer, with his smooth-shaven face and his soft pleasant eye,

looked after him a moment in wondering silence. Then he began to whistle under his breath, as his manner was in a brown study, and went on tinkering his gate.

When he passed Colonel Doble's house, the venerable Colonel was hobbling along on his crutches. He halted, straightened himself up on his straight leg, and frowned darkly at Daddy Childs; for, though he had a kindly soul, his eye and face were severe. The old man glanced through the fence, swung his white staff, and cried with a loud voice, for he knew the Colonel was a little deaf:

"Beware of Jim Crow and his rebel rout!"

At that Colonel Doble scowled, struck one of his crutches on the ground, and said to himself, but with exceeding loudness:

"What sense is there in talking so loud?"

But stout little Mr. Boonder, with his glossy tile, far-looking gray eyes, and the mole on his cheek, stepped forward to meet him, and said, in his fatherly, thoughtful way:

"But perhaps, neighbor Doble, it would be well to make some arrangements, in case there should be any danger."

Close by the river the old man passed a merry group of school-children, tumbling in the grass under a lofty apple-tree, vast as any white-oak, and eating the little yellow sheep-noses. All the smaller ones ran and hid in the grass, or squatted behind the tree; but two big brothers stood their ground. Daddy Childs called to them, as to everybody:

"Beware of Jim Crow and his rebel rout!"

The little ones peeped out of the grass, but the two big brothers, when he was far enough away, pelted him with rotten apples, and hooted—

"Sho! Daddy Childs."

How the old man crossed the river nobody knows even to this day. Old Alpha, the fisherman, declares he

swam over, by passing hand over hand along his trout line; but nobody believed Old Alpha, because he once said he caught a cat-fish of ninety pounds. Others affirm that he slid across on a film of rock-oil; but that implies a slander on the beautiful waters of the Muskingum, which cannot for a moment be tolerated. However it was, he did cross over, and climbed up the precipitous sides of Tick Hill, leaning wearily down with his hands on his knees, or catching hold of the huckleberry bushes. Directly he gained the summit he paused, turned, and gazed sadly down upon the lovely valley he had crossed, wherein he had been received with so much flouting and contumely. He struck his staff into the ground, and leaned on it a moment, while his eye wandered over the peaceful and beautiful homes. Then he cried out yet again, and his voice rang strangely and sadly wild over that whole great valley:

"Beware! beware! I warn you faithfully and deceive you not! Beware!"

All the people heard him, and now they listened to his words, and their souls were smitten with a sudden and sharp terror, as if they heard already the thundering hoofs of the dreadful cavalcade. Every one stopped still in his place, and dropped the work he was doing, and they all cried out together:

"Thou art faithful, Daddy Childs! Thou warnest all."

And, indeed, this dreadful and terrible host were already very near, and were even then hastening with fatal alacrity down the dismal hollow of Congress Run. They were already passing the lowly cabin of Daddy Childs, the raging flames from which leaped and hissed and snapped their fiery tongues in the very face of the sun in mid-heaven.

Now this Jim Crow was a man of the Dark and Bloody Ground, famous



in all that region for his astuteness in swapping horses. He became a monomaniac on the subject. When the terrible war came on between the two countries lying on opposite sides of the Beautiful River, his infatuation took on a patriotic tinge. He resolved to die for his country, but he pondered upon the matter so much that, like a certain famous knight, his reason became partially unsettled. His disordered brain conceived the daring project of reducing the enemies of his country to utter and ignominious defeat and irretrievable ruin, by compelling them to swap all their horses. He would ride, with a numerous band of followers, through all the length and breadth of their country, force everybody to swap horses, and thus ride all hostile horse-flesh into a state of exhaustion and heaves, and so terminate the bloody war. Whether it ever occurred to him or not, this would have effected a great saving of human lives, and was, therefore, a plan which should commend itself to all humane souls.

Jim Crow was a man of an exceedingly disloyal and terrific aspect. He was dressed throughout in gray, and his coat had a tail treasonably long, because the fashion of his country's enemies was short. In his belt he had four pistols and seven knives. His eyes were gray, like his clothes. It is said that he whetted his knives every morning, and then took his eyesight out and whittled it, by which means he made it so very sharp and fierce that, when he looked at one of his country's enemies with both eyes at once, they made a hole quite through his head. His black mustache was so long that he could wrap it twice around his head and bring the ends together in front. On the narrow upright collar of his gray coat there were several stars, which symbolized the loftiness and the scornful sublimity of his character—though others said that they denoted the phenomena which ap-

peared to the eyes of his enemies in battle.

His dreadful and terrible host had crossed the Beautiful River, traversed the proud Hoosier State and a portion of the Buckeye State, and were now descending the hollow of Congress Run. The multitudinous rumbling of hoofs resounded among the lordly sugar-trees, and a mighty cloud of dust ascended above them. The hearty old red-faced bachelor, Halford Pinbury, ceased raking and listened. And now they issued forth from the sugar-orchard, and what an appalling spectacle petrified his vision!

Headless horsemen, some with their heads tied on behind their saddles; horses with brass hoofs; horned horses! The better to accomplish their diabolical purposes, many of the company caused their horses to advance by a continual series of most violent somersaults. A great many of the horses were two-legged, and proceeded only by kangaroo jumps. A large proportion of the riders were very young, and continually fell asleep and were jounced off upon the ground; though they always ran and climbed on again. Some had enormous strings of shoes and bales of calico slung over their horses' backs. Jim Crow himself rode with resplendent fierceness at the head of this most direful procession; and his horse had upon his forehead a horn of brass, and his eyes were of a peculiarly traitorous color, and from his nostrils issued smoke of something which was very terrible and unconstitutional.

Halford Pinbury stood a moment in speechless amazement. Then he simply ejaculated "Well, now, by hokey!" and dived down hill at the top of his speed, toward his horse, which was hitched under a little locust. Snatching the halter loose, he leaped upon his back; but the infatuated beast, whinnying in a frenzied manner, rushed headlong to join the dreadful cavalcade. Finding himself,

in spite of his frantic efforts, about to be carried irresistibly into the marauding band by his bewitched horse, Halford Pinbury leaped off, abandoned the animal to its miserable fate, and fled up hill until he saw he was not pursued, then sat down by his mustard cider.

Leave we this marauding rout for a moment, to note the assembling of the Home Guards at the little frame school-house in the valley. Roused by the last solemn admonition of Daddy Childs, they had hastened to this place of rendezvous, with all their arms and accoutrements.

Stout little Mr. Boonder, with his shining tile, was there to "assist in making arrangements." His far-looking gray eyes saw many a needful precaution that everybody else overlooked, and his advice was always listened to in times of peril. Little Farmer Pinbury, with his smooth-shaven face and his soft pleasant eye, was there in a brown study. He was walking to and fro, whistling under his breath, with his hands behind him, under his coat-tails. Colonel Doblely had hobbled there on his crutches, to show the young men how to fight. While the consultation and the inspection and loading of arms were in progress, Mr. Boonder "made arrangements" with the Captain about one matter, then with the Lieutenant about another, then he passed along the line, speaking a word to every brave soldier boy, giving one a little bit of advice about loading his gun, and telling another how to aim. Presently Farmer Pinbury ceased whistling under his breath, and, without saying a word to any one, commenced building rail-pens for barricades. Colonel Doblely stationed himself at the end of the line, straightened vigorously up on one leg, sighted down the line, stretched his crutch along in front, and cried out, in thundering tones:

"Attention—company! Dress up in the middle there!"

Captain Doblely stepped forward, and, with a peculiarly militia sternness, and a portentous frown on his brow, commanded:

"Dress up—company!"

Upon this the veteran Colonel scowled, struck his crutch on the ground, and said loudly.

"What sense is there in talking so loud?"

Hereupon Mr. Boonder consulted with Captain Doblely as to the probability of any of the squirrel-guns bursting. Then he and Farmer Pinbury consulted as to the proper height for the latter's rail-pens. Then Mr. Boonder and Colonel Doblely and Farmer Pinbury all consulted together upon the probability of losing any of their horses. Finally Mr. Boonder suggested that they should "make arrangements" to supply the brave boys with the necessary nutriment.

But Miss Jemima Boonder, moved by her own sweet and patriotic will, had already brought a generous supply of blackberry turnovers, which she was distributing along the line; while Miss Jerusha Pinbury was cheering the defenders of their country with fresh, cool well-water. When the boys had eaten the blackberry turnovers, and drank the well-water, they felt nourished, and waxed patriotic and fierce exceedingly. They loaded their shot-guns double, and gave three cheers.

And now, when the dreadful and terrible marauders mounted the hill, and the noble river valley lay all before them, what a spectacle did they behold! Horses' tails sticking out of hen-houses, horses' ears sticking out of hay-cocks, horses neighing down cellar, where they were quietly helping themselves to the last shrivelled remnant of last year's apples. The children ran into the house, crept under the bed, and plugged up their ears with their fingers. The mother threw herself into the rocking-chair, and pulled out her hair-pins, so that, when the dreadful noise began, she

might faint without injury to herself. The hired girl ran up stairs and went to bed, covering her head in the clothes. The cat ran into the hole. The old Shanghai cock started off at the head of his harem, but knocked his knees together, and plumped head foremost into the puddle. Then the marauders swept along, and all the horses, summoned by the irresistible fascination of Jim Crow's voice, left their hiding-places, and hastened joyfully to join the dread procession.

Long before they reached the little frame school-house, the valiant militia discharged their pieces into the air, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and then ingloriously and unanimously fled. None were left behind but the three unarmed citizens. Looking for a few moments after their fleeing champions, Mr. Boonder remarked:

"I think perhaps, neighbor Pinbury, we had better make some arrangement pretty quick."

Little Farmer Pinbury pointed to one of his hay-stacks, and said:

"We might hide there, but if they shot, I fear they might fire the stack; and then my cattle would starve next winter."

But stout-hearted Colonel Dobleby scowled till his crabbed face looked terrible, and his kindly soul was filled with wrath. He struck his crutch violently on the ground, and said:

"We'll stay and fight it out here. My crutch is worth a dozen of those chicken-hearted fellows."

And they stayed there.

Fleeing down to the river, the heroic militia ferried themselves over in skiffs. At a point sufficiently distant, so that the bullets would not molest them, they seized shovels and excavated some rifle-pits. These they resolved to defend to the last bitter extremity against the infamous vandal marauders. The first to secure himself in the rifle-pit was the smooth-faced, yellow-haired Simon Pinbury. With his head just projecting above the pit, he called on his comrades to die for their beloved country, then he levelled his rifle, took a deadly aim, fired across the river, and totally killed and abolished a small dog. In commemoration of this great victory, the patriotic maidens of that neighborhood caused the rifle-pit to be surrounded with an iron railing, which remains to this day,—an imperishable monument to the heroism of their country's defenders.

Having secured all the horses, the marauders crossed the Muskingum, and ascended Tick Hill. Here Daddy Childs was waiting, to conclude his mission of deliverance, and he conducted them straightway to the Crooked Tree. Behold, now, what a wonderful thing was wrought! As soon as they looked upon it, their eyesight was distorted, so that no two of them any longer clove together, but they rode each his several way. Thus were they scattered and dispersed into the four quarters of heaven; and the great, sovereign, and inviolable Buckeye State was delivered out of the hand of the spoilers.

## BEYOND.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MCLEAN.

CLOUDY argosies are drifting down into the purple dark—  
 Down into the fading west;  
 And the long low amber reaches lying on the horizon's mark  
 Shape themselves into the gateways opening to the Land of Rest—  
 Gateways leading through the sunset, out into the under world,  
 Bright with pilgrim barges lying round the Islands of the Blest,  
 With their white sails tranquil furled!

How my spirit vainly flutters, like a bird that beats its bars,  
 In its prison gloom and night,  
 To be launched upon that ocean with its tides of throbbing stars,  
 Far to tread the boundless ether in the soul's ethereal flight;  
 To be gone beyond the sunset and the day's revolving zone,  
 Out into the primal darkness, out into the primal light,  
 To the world of the Unknown!

Hints and guesses of its grandeur—broken shadows, sudden gleams,  
 Flitting lights in darkness drowned,—  
 Like a fallen star shoot past me, quenched within a sea of dreams,  
 Like the shiny adumbrations shed from some unrisen joy;  
 But the unimagined glory lying in that dark profound  
 Is to these as morn to midnight, or as gold is to alloy,  
 Or as silence is to sound!

Sweeter than the trees of Eden, dropping purple bloom and balm,  
 Unto souls with suffering done,  
 Are the odors wafted toward me from its fields of starless calm,  
 Where I longing fain would rest me, where my feet would dance and run  
 Oh! the gold of all our sunsets, with their sapphire all impearled,  
 Would not match that glowing Heaven, with its more than tropic sun,  
 Lighting all the wonder-world!

Pale sea-buds that weep forever, water-lilies damp and cool,  
 That the heavenly shores adorn,  
 And the mystic lotus shining through its white waves beautiful,  
 Far a peace-emitting fragrance shed through all that tranquil bourne;  
 Light the valleys undisquieted with step of mortal tread,—  
 Bind the white brows of the Living whom all comfortless we mourn,  
 Whom we blindly call the Dead!

O ye lost ones! ye departed! do ye heed the tears we shed?  
 Speak, and bid our sorrows cease!  
 O beloved! O immortals! O ye dead who are not dead!  
 Are ye near us in our anguish, in our longing for release?  
 Speak to us across the darkness,—wave to us a glimmering hand!  
 Tell us but that ye *remember*, and our souls shall wait in peace,—  
 Dwellers in the Silent Land!

## A RARE OLD BOOK.

BY A. T. FREED.

AT the west end of the south hall in the Astor Library building in New York stands an ordinary showcase which has a rare attraction for me, because therein are contained the most precious treasures of the great temple of literature. Not that I linger long over the fac-similes of Arabic manuscripts and illuminated missals, or even the costly reproduction of the "Codex Sinaiticus" or the palimpsest of Homer. Nor yet, strange as it seems to myself, do I bestow more than a passing look upon the block-printed synopsis of the Bible, in a series of wood-engravings printed before the invention of movable types, wherein a representation of a confab between Eve and the serpent is offset on the opposite page by the scene of the Lord speaking to Moses out of the burning bush.

But the spot at which I linger, and where I long to break the barrier of glass and lay forbidden hands upon the sacred treasures, is that where the earliest and rarest English books lie. Here is a copy of the "History of the Siege of Troy," printed by Caxton on the Continent. "The Game of Chess" is represented by a fac-simile only—though I am quite sure I have seen a copy of the original hue. It is the first printed book made in England, finished in 1474. Here is a copy of one volume of the first edition of "Paradise Lost;" and, lying lovingly by its side, the most precious treasure of the collection—a copy of the first edition of "Shakespeare's Works," printed only six years after the author's death. It is opened at the title-page, showing the likeness, in the engraving of

which, as "Rare Ben Jonson's" lines on the opposite page have it—

—"the artist had a strife  
With Nature to outdo the life."

Lying near, and attracting little attention from most visitors, is the "Polycronicon." It was printed by Caxton in 1482, only eight years after "The Game of Chess," and takes rank with the most rare and curious specimens of English literature. On referring to the catalogue, I find that the Library possesses a second copy of this book; and, after many prayers, and with many injunctions, the costly treasure is placed in my hands. This copy is of another edition; the earlier one possessed no title-page. This is graced with a rude wood-cut, bearing the one word, in letters an inch long—"POLYCRONICON." The binding is modern; the form quarto, with double columns; the type a really handsome black letter, about pica or English body, with heavy face. The information usually given on the title-page of modern books, is, in this work, reserved for the last, the colophon reading thus:

"And here I make an ende of this lytle werke as nyghe as I can fynde after the fourme of the werke tofore made by Ranulph monk of Chestre. And where as there is fawte. I beseche theym that shall rede it to correct it. For if I cowde haue founde moo storyes. I wolde haue sett in it moo. But the substance that I can fynde and knowe I haue shortly set therein in this boke. To the entente that suche thynges as haue ben done sith the deth or ende of the sayd boke of Polycronicon sholde be had in remembrance, And not put in oblyuion ne forgetyng. Prayenge all theyme that shall see this symple werke to pardon me of my symple wrytyng. Ended the thyrtyenth daye of Apryle the tenth yere of the regne of kyng Harry the seuenth. And of the Incarnacyon of our lord .M. CCCC. lxxxv  
"Enprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn The worde."

"Polycronicon" is a geographical, historical and ethnological description of the whole earth. It begins with the very beginning, and brings the narrative down to the writer's own time. I do not propose to follow the story, as the greater part is condensed from Bible history and other literature with which the general public is acquainted, and is interesting for the most part only on account of the quaintness of the phraseology and oddity of the spelling. But many of the writer's own opinions, and many of the stories he tells, are amusing, if not, at this day, instructive.

The existence and locality of Paradise are questions which carry the good Ranulph through several pages. He says:

"Though that short wytted men and lyttel of assaye saye that paradise is long sayllinge out of the erthe that men dwelle Inne, and also departed from the erthe, and is as hyghe as the mone, it not to be byleued, for nature and reason bothe withsaye it. For yf paradise were departed atweyne fro the erthe that men dwelle Inne, ne water ne ayer mighte bere such a burthen. Also the fuyer occupyeth all the myddell space bytwene thayr and the mone, then paradise is not there, for there no thyng myghte lue therein. Also yf paradise soo hyghe, somtyme it sholde take awaye the light and make eclipse of the mone, but of such an eclipse herde we neuer. Also yf paradise were soo hyghe and departed a sonder from euery londe and erthe, how sholde the four Riuers that spryngen out of paradise passe by the ayer and the wyde see and come in to londes that men dwelle Inne. And yf men saye that paradise is soo hyghe that in one place it contynueth to the erth that men dwelle Inne. Thenne the erthe is enlonge and not roudie all aboute as wyse men descryen hit, but that may not stonde. For it is knowe by experyence & assaye yt in every eclipse of the mone the erthe maketh a roudie shelde, therefore the erthe with all his partyes must nedes be roudie. And so wyse men conclude that paradise is in the vitermost endes of the east, and that it is a grete countree of the erthe noo lasse than Inde or Egypte, & a large place & couenable for all mankynde to dwelle Inne yf mankynde hadde not synned."

The discussion of the *questio vexata* is necessarily carried on in controversial style; but the description of the place itself is more eloquent:

"There is helthe, for the ayer is attemperate, nyether to hote ne to colde so that nothyng yt lueth maye deye therein, that wytnesseth Enok & Hely yt yet ben there a lue. That place hath

fayr weder and myrthe. For it was the celer and place of all fayrnes, noo maner tree leseth there his leues, ne flours there fade. There is myrthe and swetenesse of fruyte and trees that growe there. It is wryten euery tree therein is swete to ete and fayr to syght. Thereinne is sykernes and surete, for the place is hyghe. \* \* \* But alas as Ysydorus sayth libro .ix. capto prio. Oure waye to paradise is fast stopped by cause of the sinne of our forn fader, hit is closed all aboute with a brennyng wall, so that the brennyng therof arecheth to heue, as some men wolde were paradise is closed with yt wall to holde out mankynde. Angels stonden on that wall to kepe well paradise that none euell goostes nowe come therein."

It is very consoling to know that the walls of "paradyse" are so high and so securely guarded that "none euell goostes nowe come therein;" but that reflection does not compensate for the sad truth that it "is closed with yt wall to holde out mankynde."

From "paradyse," which contains only "Enok & Hely," though capacious enough "for all mankynde to dwelle Inne yf mankynde hadde not synned," the writer goes on to tell us of those regions wherein mankind do dwell, and with which, of course, he must be better acquainted. And first he describes in general, then more in detail. "The see of Ocean," he says, "be clyppeth all therthe about as a garlonde, & by tymes cometh & goth ebbing & flowinge, & floweth in sees & casteth hem up. & wyndes blowne therein."

The earth is divided into three parts, "Asya, Europa, and Affryca." Asia contains half the world, Europe is somewhat smaller but has as many people, and Africa is the least in size and population of the three. There are four arms of the sea that penetrate into the land, viz: "Caspus, the see Persicus, the reed see, and the see of myddel erthe." We are not particularly interested in the description of any of these but the third:

"This reed see is mot reed of kynde, but it flasshyth & wasseth on the reed cleues and stones and soo is y dyhed reed as a roose, therefore of the clyues and stronde of the reed see is gadred vermylon and red precyous stones. By the see that is called Caspius ben hylles yt ben called the hylles of Caspli and haue in length .vii.



thousand pass, and in brede the space of a cart-waye. In the sydes of the hylles of Caspii salt voynges melte and wose out humours & moysture yuryed and clongen by hete of the sonne, Joyneth and cleuth togyder as yse or glas. And soo men may not clymme on the hylles the way is so slyther. Also every draught is full drawe in the space of .xxvii. pace, the londe is drye withoute socour, and addres and serpentes fallen thereto, so that but it be wynter there may noo man come therinne. Marcius sayth that the yates of Caspii be shette with yron barres and in spryngyng time fast barred for serpentes and adderes. And the mayster of hystories sayth that atte the prayrs of kyngs Alesander the hylles of Caspii were closed and Joyned togydres."

We are rejoiced at this intelligence, so far as it goes; but we cannot help wishing that some Saint Patrick had given the snakes and toads of all the world a twist, or the "serpentes and adderes" at least, and banished them forever to this aphidian "paradyse."

I cannot help thinking that there was a little hostility of races in those days as well as in ours, for while the monk has a good word for every Asiatic and European people of whom he writes, he is certainly not complimentary in describing the "man and brother."

"For the sonne beme allwaye abydeyth upon the men of affryca, and draweth out the humours & maketh hem short of bodies, blacke of skyn, crype of herte. And by drawing out of spirites maketh hem cowarde of herte. The contrarye is of northern men. In the colde without stoppe smale holes and porus, and holdeth the hete within, and so maketh hem fatter, gretter and whyter within & so hardyer & bolder of herte."

India attracts a large share of our author's attention. It is the "grettest & rycchest of lordes," "full of merwayles & wondres."

"Inde hath in the cest syde the sonne rysyng, in the south the set Ocean, in ye west the Ryuer of Inde, in the northe the hylle that is called Caucasus, & soo Inde is ended. In Inde is a byrd that is named Phytacus, elephantis. Peper, & a tree that is called Hebanus, yuory & precyous stones, beryll. Cryso-passes. Carbocles. Adamantes, & golden hylles, to the which it is full hard for to come."

It is, alas, "full hard for to come to golden hylles" generally; but not for the same reason as in Inde:

"For dragos and grypes & for diuerse maner men gryssely and wonderly shapen. \* \* \* In Inde ben men of five Cubyte longe that wexe not

seke ner yelde vp the breth. \* \* \* There Inne ben men of a Cubyte longe, and ben name Pygmei. These Pygmei geeten childrea & engenderen in ye fourth yere, & wexe hore in the fyfthe. They gadre a grete hoost, and ryden upon wedres and Rammes to fyght with Cranes, and destroyen theyr nestes & her egges. \* \* \* There ben besy phylosophers that beholde on the sonne all the day longe. Also some haue hedes as it were hounds. And the voyz that they make is lyker to berkyng of houndes than to mannes voyz. \* \* \* Other there ben that haue noo mouth and liuen by odour & smelles & ben clothed in mosse and heery toftes that growe out of trees. Other wexe hore in yough & wexen blacke in Elde. In some hylles of Inde ben men yt haue the sooles of theyr fete ouerturned and .viii. fyngers in one honde."

The reader must carefully distinguish between these people and those others who live in "affryca," and who are addicted to lying on their backs and turning up the "sooles of theyr fete," which are capacious enough to shelter the rest of their bodies from the "brennyng rayes of ye sonne." I am bound to acknowledge here that our author does not place implicit confidence in this last story; and I am myself disposed to think that it may be a malicious exaggeration by some negro-hater of those days who had noticed that the colored "soole" was more comprehensive than that of the "gretter fatter and whyter" race. But we have not yet done with Inde:

"In Inde ben trees that ben called trees of the sonne & of the mone. Prestes that ete of the apples of the thylke trees lyuen .v. C. yere, they were called the trees of ye sonne for eueryche of them quaked & shook as soone as the sonne beme touched his toppe, & answerde men that stode aboute. The same doynge was of the trees of the mone. By these trees the grete kyng Alysauder was forboden that he sholde neuer come in Babylon."

If there are wonderful men and trees in Inde, there are wonderful beasts nearer home. In "Boemia" "is one beste & is called Booz, in the langage of Boemia, but he defendeth not himself with his hornes, but he hath a large Ryuell as it were a bagge vnder his chynne, therin he gadreth water and heteth in his rennyng skaldyng hote & throweth it vpon hutres & houndes yt pursue hym & skaldeth of the herte of hem & brenneth hem full sore."

I must needs pass over many eloquent and interesting descriptions of countries, peoples, and things, and come to the author's own neighborhood. Ireland, he tells us, was first peopled by "Casera Noes Nece," who "drad the flood & fledde with thre men & fyfty wymen into yt llonde & dwelled therin fyrst yt last yere to fore Noes flood. But afterwarde Bartholanus Seres sone that come of Japhet Noes sone come theder with his .iii. sones by happe or by craft .iii. C. yere after Noes flood & dwelled there & encreaced to the nombre of .ix. M. men. And afterwarde for stench of kareyns of geantes yt they had kylde, they deyden all saue one Ruanus yt lyueth a. M. and .v. C. yere vnto Saynte Patrys tyme. And enfourmed the holy man of the forsayd men, & of all theyr doynges & dedes."

Our author is a patriotic man withal; and I am not surprised to read that "in Brytayne ben many wonders." Here are a few of those he describes:

"There is a ponde closed aboute with a walle of tyle and of stone. In yt ponde men washe and bathe full ofte, & every man feleth the water hote or colde righte as he wyll hem selfe. There ben salt welles fer from the see & ben salt all the weke longe vnto saterdaye none, & freshe fro saterdaye none unto mondaye, the water of these welles whan it is soden tourneth into small salte fayr & whyte. Also there is a ponde, the water therof hath wonder wyrchyng. For though all an hoost stode by the ponde and tourned theyr face thyderwarde, the water wolde drawe hem vyolently towards the ponde and weete alle theyr clothes, soo sholde horse be drawn in the same wyse. And yf the fayce be tourned awaye fro the water, the water noyeth not."

But for the fact of horse being "drawen in the same wyse" as men, I should consider the author guilty of an attempt to preach a temperance sermon under the guise of a grave fact in natural history. But I have never heard of horse being "drawen" by the product of the still.

"In the countree about wynchestre is a denne or a caue, out of that caue bloweth alwaye a stronge wynde, soo that noo man may endure to stonde to fore that denne or caue. There is also a ponde yt tourned tree in to yron yf it be therein a yere. And so trees ben shapen into whestones."

I think if I were changing trees at all I should prefer having them changed into "yron" as a more marketable commodity; but every one to his taste; and if the good Ranulph would rather have the "whestones," why, I must needs be content.

A condensed view of these and other of the wonders that "ben in Brytayne" so works upon the feelings of our monk that he grows pious, and suddenly breaks out:

"Take hede how grete lyhht and bryghtnes of goddes myldenes hath he shewed vpon Englyshe men syth they tourned fyrste to ryghte byleue. Soo that of no men in one prouynce ben founden so many hole bodies of men after her deth in lyknes of euerlastyngnes yt shall be after the daye of dome as it well seemeth in these holy sayntes. I trow that it be do by speccyall grace of god almyghty for the nacion that is sette as it were without the worlde sholde take hede to duryng of bodies without corrupcyon & rotyng, and be the more bolde and stedfaste for to truste on the fynyall arysing of dede bodies for to laste euermore after the daye of dome."

These extracts, of course, are not fair samples of the book at large, which is mainly taken up with history condensed from authors of reputation, such as Pliny, Giraldus Cambrensis, and even the "maystre of hystories," though the latter appears to be quoted only at second hand. "Ysydorus" is a great favorite with our author, probably from his love of the marvellous. It is doubtful whether the "sayd boke of Polycronicon" will much longer "be had in remembrance, and not put in oblyuon ne forgetyng;" though it is pleasant, to glance through the old-time narrative and smile at the monstrous stories that were received less than four hundred years ago as sober facts.

## CHIT-CHAT.

—It may be stated as an historical fact that the common judgment of the inhabitants of Christendom is against Napoleon III. in respect to the war now raging between France and Prussia. He is, by the very strongly preponderating opinion of Europe and America, condemned, as having causelessly and criminally disturbed the peace of the world. We need not stop here to approve or to combat this opinion. It is certain that only a few weeks ago there was not only profound peace, but there were no general apprehensions of war. Then came the announcement, quite unexpected, that the Prince of Hohenzollern had been selected as the King of Spain. This was immediately followed by the announcement that the Emperor of the French would not allow a German Prince to occupy the Spanish throne. Then followed the war of words between the diplomats of the powers directly concerned, the representatives of other powers—notably Lord Lyons of England—skirmishing on the outposts, in a hearty endeavor to maintain the peace. France presently sent an ultimatum to Prussia, and Prussia accepted its terms. The candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern was withdrawn accordingly, and with that withdrawal all cause of war was removed. Napoleon, however, refused to be satisfied; and, his ultimatum having been accepted, proposed another. Prussia declined to be trifled with, and France threw down the gage of battle.

Immediately the French armies were mobilized, and marching by rail to the frontier. Prussia, a magnificently warlike power, was not less prompt; and in an incredibly short time the hostile forces were confronting each other in the valley of the Saar.

Meantime, while the armies were getting into position, skirmishing now and then, and having affairs of outposts and the unimportant conflicts of reconnoitering par-

ties, many efforts of diplomacy to prevent war were made—all in vain. The truth might appear to be, indeed, that the Emperor of the French had fully determined upon war, with or without just cause. It might appear that he considered war a Napoleonic necessity. The alleged cause of the contest is demonstrated to be an absurdity. For, though the war, inaugurated by reason of the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, is going on, there is not the shadow of probability that he will ever be king. He has peremptorily declined. If he was the cause of the war, he is not now; and the war ought to stop. It is because Napoleon is thus without reasonable or justifiable cause of war, that he is condemned by the common judgment of mankind. With the exception of the Irish and the Danes, the people of nearly every nationality of Christendom preponderatingly sympathize with Prussia. As to the different governments, all that have declared at all have proclaimed in favor of neutrality. There have been reports of alliance between France and Austria, Italy, and Denmark; but at this writing they are without confirmation, and are improbable.

The military events which have taken place are of the gravest importance. A series of engagements, continuing throughout two days, were fought in the neighborhood of Saarbruck and Hagenau, in which the forces under Marshal McMahon, and General Frossard's *corps d'armee*, were signally defeated by the Germans. The details of this series of engagements have not been received on this side the Atlantic, but it is certain they were spiritedly fought on both sides, and with magnificent steadiness, courage, and dash, by the Germans. McMahon's communications with the Emperor were destroyed, and the whole French army, after suffering heavy losses, was left in a critical situation, and forced to retreat.

Intelligence of the reverse suffered by

the French caused great consternation and the wildest excitement at Paris. The Empress Regent and the members of the Cabinet were thrown into a panic. Proclamations were issued to the people. The Corps Legislatif was assembled in extra session. The city was on the verge of insurrection and revolution. The Ollivier Cabinet was forced to resign. A new one was organized, whose tenure of authority is not generally supposed to be long. Men began to count the period of Napoleon's further rule, first by weeks and then by days. It is undeniable that the magnificent victory of the Prussians placed the French Emperor in a most dangerous and critical position.

Having rested briefly after the battles on the Saar, the Prussians again took up the line of march toward Paris, and at this writing they are steadily advancing, the French having fallen back behind the Moselle, where, it is probable, they will accept the battle which the Prussians seem desirous of offering them. There, or not far distant, a battle may be fought, decisive of the war, even before these words shall fall under the eyes of our readers.

— AMONG the most curious relics of the late Rebellion are those which go to form the ambitious literature of the South during that tumultuous time. Years before Edmund Ruffin aimed the first gun at Fort Sumter, fifteen Slave States had resolved to rid themselves of Yankee books. This rebellion was the forerunner of the other. It was widely and deeply felt that the whip of the overseer and the Cursed-be-Canaan sermon of the pious pulpiteer were completely antidoted by the School Readers that placed before the eyes of the pupils the verse of Cowper and the other abolition poets and orators. Even the spelling-books contained a line or two of pernicious sentiment about "Liberty."

For ten years before the war it was the practice throughout the Cotton States to mutilate the reading-books by extracting those pages that contained vicious allusions to the rights of man. The English books were worse than those printed in New Haven and Boston, because the British published for their own taste and to gratify

the anti-slavery sentiment that culminated in the abolition of Jamaica slavery in 1831; whereas the Yankees had learned flunkeyism from the American Tract Society, and were trying to make their school-books "unobjectionable."

Cowper's verse was struck out of the last edition, and the children of the Carolinas were no longer liable to be perverted or puzzled by reading

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned."

In 1860, the Yankee books in use were tolerably free from those expressions which below the latitude of 36° were popularly denominated "poison." But still they did not give satisfaction. Negative books were liable to mislead. They would not answer the demand until they were wholly in favor of slavery.

For four years before the Rebellion burst upon the country, the postmasters throughout the Gulf and Lower Atlantic States exercised vigilance in destroying Republican newspapers, and it was equivalent to an indictment by a grand jury for a citizen to be found in possession of one. The South Carolina Tract Society was organized at last, and among its first publications was "A Confederate Soldiers' Hymn Book." In the rebel version of "America," the line

"Land of the Pilgrim's pride"  
became

"Land of the Southron's pride,"  
and a wretched travesty of the "Star Spangled Banner" ended

"For the flag of my country in triumph shall wave  
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's grave."

The year 1863 witnessed a splendid triumph of the disciples of John C. Calhoun. It was not the occupation of Washington, nor the capture of the Yankee army; but it was an equally extraordinary achievement in the educational realm—the publication of two Confederate School Books, by Messrs. Branson and Farrar, of Raleigh, North Carolina. They comprised "The First Dixie Reader" and the "Primary Geography," and they were compiled and edited by Mrs. M. B. Moore.

Hail and welcome! The Southern youth were finally provided for. No more should their infant minds be depraved and debauched by the insidious poems of Whittier, Pierpont, and Lowell, or the fervent declamation of Patrick Henry and his prayer for liberty or death—so liable to be misunderstood.

These two books lie before us, and we call some specimen quotations:

FROM THE READER.

"The frog hops. He can not run like you can. He sleeps in the day and hops at night." "It is not bad to kill the owl, for he does us harm. His wing will make a good fan." "If I were a boy or a girl, I would not eat like a pig. I would eat like a lamb, and then skip and play and be happy." "The way to be good is never to do a thing which you would not like for your parents to know." "Three cheers for the cane mill! It is a fine time for boys and girls, and the servants too enjoy it finely. Some of them will have four or five gallons by the time the sea-son closes. Well done for the dar-kees. Ma-ny poor white people would be glad of what they leave for the hogs." "A bad wo-man can not make a good grand-ma, be-cause she does not know how. God is good to give us such grand-mas." "They said, if the dog dies we will trust in God; but the dog got well and still lives to guard his master's house."

And here is a modest venture in astronomy:

"The moon has a dark side and a bright side, and when she turns all of her bright side to us we have a full moon. When her dark side is to us we call it new moon."

There is an affecting story of a deluded colored wretch, who was seduced by "the Yankee army" to try the horrors of freedom, but soon returned, glad to enjoy once more the blessings of servitude. This is given twice; and the little book of eighty pages ends with the touching salutation, "Adieu—at present."

In the geography is an incredible caricature of maps of the Southern States. We quote briefly:

"The people of the torrid zone are tall and dark complected." "The African or negro race is found in Africa. They know nothing of Jesus. These people are the descendants of Ham, the son of Noah, who was cursed because he did not treat his father with respect. It was told him he should serve his brethren forever. This would seem a hard sentence, but it was probably done to show other children how wicked it was to treat their parents so. We cannot tell how they came to be black and have wool on their heads." "*The United States*.—This was once the most prosperous country in the world. The people are ingenious and enterprising, and are noted for their

tact in driving a bargain. They are refined and intelligent on all subjects but negro slavery; on this they are mad." \* \* \* "*South Carolina*.—The people of this State are noted for their chivalry. You do not understand this? Well, when any one imposes upon them their motto is to fight."

The following is from the appended catechism:

"Q.—What is the condition of the United States? A.—It is tumbling into ruins. Q.—What brought about this great calamity? A.—The injustice and avarice of the Yankee nation. Q.—What is the present draw-back to our trade? A.—An unlawful blockade by the miserable and hellish Yankee nation."

These are literal quotations from books that were used for two years in many of the schools of the South from Richmond to New Orleans. It is almost incredible that such publications could have been made in good faith and placed in the hands of children, but there is no foundation for the doubts. The books are before us.

—Two proud and sovereign citizens were discussing, with that profound erudition which ever distinguishes the Sovereign Citizen, the rights and wrongs of the present European war.

"Why, hang it," said Jones, "there's no sense in sympathizin with Prewshy! What's Prewshy ever done for us? Didn't *Frederick the Great* sell his Hessians to the British during the Revolutionary War, and didn't *Napoleon* send over *Lay Fayette* to help us?"

Our informant did not stay to hear Smith's reply, but is confident that he convinced Jones that Bismarck served on Washington's staff, while Charlemagne of France fought against General Jackson at New Orleans.

—THE rumored resignation of Mr. Fish, Secretary of State, calls to mind an incident which has been told to a few Wisconsin politicians, and greatly relished by them. Some time during the spring just passed, Hon. E. W. K—, a well known politician of Madison, was at the national Capital to assist in regulating the affairs of the nation, especially the assignment of certain offices within the gift of the State Department. One day he visited the Secretary, bent on high emprise, and

unfolded to him at considerable length the nature of his errand, the special merits of the candidates in whose behalf he labored, etc. Mr. Fish was very polite, and the eloquent Madisonian was squaring off for a clinching consideration in favor of his men, when an attendant of the Secretary appeared and announced—

"Mr. Thornton, the British Minister."

"Mr. Thornton?" thought K—. "Thornton's a great man; it won't do for me to detain the Secretary away from him."

"Mr. Thornton?" said the Secretary, "it is true; I had almost forgotten my appointment with him."

And, of course, K— lost no time in bowing himself out. But on the way through the ante-rooms—the hall—everywhere—he kept a sharp eye out for Thornton—just from curiosity. But no Thornton appears. Down at the gate, there is no carriage; in fact, no signs of any Minister Thornton. At this moment it happened to dawn upon the mind of our Wisconsin politician how it came about that Minister Thornton was announced when no such personage was present. The Secretary had a secret spring and wire connected with his table. When it became desirable, for any reason, to get rid of a visitor, the spring was touched, the servant or clerk with whom it communicated was thus summoned, and coming forward, according to previous instructions, announced "Minister Thornton."

So, after all, instead of a minister in gold lace, the Secretary's distinguished visitor was only a "man in buckram."

K— had a single remark for this sort of usage, and that was:

"Well, that's d—d Fishy!"

—THE war in Europe, which promises to overthrow one of the most brilliant dynasties, involve nations in future misunderstandings, and remodel the map of a continent, has naturally served to excite a vast deal of interest among the foreign-born portion of our population. Americans proper, however, are unable to direct their minds much to the matter—owing to the fact that several base-ball contests are yet to be decided.

—WE have received a communication from an ambitious candidate for magazine scribbling honors, who, in his letter introducing himself, modestly explains that he is a retired clergyman, and a graduate of a university and of a Biblical institute; also that he has quite mastered the ancient classic languages. In fact, we have no doubt—although he does not expressly say so—from his further description of his accomplishments in this direction, that he

"— could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs squeak;  
And Latin was no more difficult  
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Accompanying his letter is an "original contribution," which we print below;—and he cheerfully adds that if we like this sample of his writing, he has several essays and a "tail" which he would like to send us. We beg him not to do it;—not that we have any doubts as to their quality—but his "straingth" is so evidently in poetry, that he ought to abjure prose altogether, and confine his efforts solely to poetical composition. His production is headed

ORIGINAL—BY F— H—

I sit me down in time's benighted vail  
And had no couraged and no straingth to rise  
Sadly to the breaze I told my tail  
And bowed my head and drained my weeping  
eyes.

Till faith came by and took me by the hand  
The vallies rise the mountains fall  
Welcom ye Stormy Seas and dangerous lands  
With faith to aid me I can conquer all.

—BEYOND doubt, the most interesting and curious of the many humbugs which America has produced is that windy orator, George Francis Train. He is more than the public journals are inclined to credit him with being—a simple lunatic or fool—and yet vastly less than the fellow actually seems to think himself. In other words, to use an old illustration, if Mr. Train could be bought up at the estimate in which the public holds him, and sold at the estimate at which he holds himself, the purchase and sale would constitute the most brilliant financial transaction of modern times.

Train has, happily, just embarked at San Francisco, for a voyage around the world, to consume at least ninety days—



with the usual allowance for grace, we suppose. One of his last appearances before his kind departure was at Salt Lake, in the Tabernacle of the Mormons—in which people he has of late manifested a peculiar interest. His sympathy for King Brigham and his peculiar people was fully reciprocated by the admiration and attention bestowed on him by the Saints and their prophet respectively. In short, the voluble Francis seems to have “struck his gait” in Mormondom, and to have felt even more inspired there than when facing down more polished and less gullible audiences in the States. Commencing with his usual declaration of his intention to be President of the Union in 1872, and then dwelling as is his wont upon his total abstinence habits, Train proceeds to “stump” his auditors in the following fashion—never, we feel sure, resorted to by any other candidate for the Presidency:

“Now,” said he, “having proved that I possess more than ordinary physical strength, this is the time to prove that I possess intellectual superiority. When you leave this house to-night you have got to admit one thing—that I am either a fact or a falsity, either a great truth or a great liar; that I am either a statesman or a gigantic fraud. It can only be done in one way: that is, to have no subject for the lecture, but to let the men and women present say what they wish me to talk about for two minutes at a time. Look at all this people against one man! If I submit to the test I have proposed, you can readily judge me.”

Being furnished with several subjects, one after another, he proceeded to dilate upon them, switching off upon Train whenever the subject proposed presented any obstacle to his oratory. He recounted all his experiences, dressing them up anew, introducing his fearful and wonderful “epigrams” wherewith he is wont to “wipe out” all opponents, and lying all the while like a French bulletin.

But with all his falsehoods, his braggadocio, his profanity, and his buffoonery, Train appears to be a man of many good impulses, and utters some thoughts which are evidently germs of future growth. His criticisms, too, upon the follies of the times and the principal actors in the drama of the day, are always bold, and often two-thirds right, which is better than can be said of many more dignified oracles. So prominent a personage as this Train

makes himself, in spite of the contempt of the newspapers, must be admitted to have some mission; and this, we apprehend, in Train's case, is to so embody, in his own person and manner, a besetting tendency of the times toward flippancy, demagoguery, and brazen egotism, as to render it conspicuous and ridiculous, and thereby insure its correction. It is not probable, however, that it will be necessary to install this personification of Gabble in the White House, in order to insure the thorough fulfilment of its purpose.

—CHICAGO is the paradise of fruit consumers. We are not situated in a Garden of Eden, where trees and flowers flourish in perpetual bloom; but the curse of annual sterility has lost much of its terrors for us, being materially reduced in duration. The season which is measured by a few days to the people of the fruit-growing regions, is expanded, with us, to include a large portion of the year.

This partial exemption from the evils which the theologians generally tell us are the results of the primeval Fall, is not, however, due to the possession of a higher standard of faith or morals than that of other communities. It is simply owing to our peculiar position with regard to the places where fruits are grown, and our travelling connections with them. Our city is situated at the northern end of the Illinois Central Railroad, which runs southward through more than five degrees of latitude, embracing a considerable variety of climate and some diversity of soil. We are also connected, both by lake and rail, with the fruit-growing regions of Wisconsin and Michigan; the latter being located on the eastern shore of a large expanse of water—a position which is peculiarly favorable to fruit cultivation all over the globe, in the case of lakes as well as of oceans. In addition to this, the opening up of the grand trans-continental railway has recently placed us in communication with the magnificent Pacific slope (also an eastern shore), and brought to our doors a rich variety of luscious fruits, the only objection to which is their excessive dearness. With a cheapening of the cost of transportation, California alone would

supply us with such a profusion of fruits as to lead us perhaps to undervalue the more humble, but none the less indispensable, cereal as an article of food.

Hence our tables are supplied with green fruits during a large portion of the year. Scarcely have the feathered songsters heralded the approach of May-day, ere the strawberries of Southern Illinois are poured at our feet. These exhausted, the central portions of the State take up the golden horn, and empty their streams into our lap. By the time that their vines have ceased to bear, the pickers are busy in the fields around Benton and St. Joseph, and anon the propellers are unloading the same fruit at our wharves. With the Fourth of July, the strawberry disappears, and the peach-trees of Southern Illinois yield up their burdens to our behest, while the Michigan regions prolong the supply to the end of September. Long before these have failed, the huckleberry bushes of Wisconsin have been laid under contribution, and the winter is almost at our doors ere these are exhausted. New apples come in from the South by the beginning of August, with pears and plums from the Golden State; and long ere these have lost the charm of freshness, the luscious grape comes upon us in a plenitude of fatness. Distributed among all these are the melons, the apricots, the cantaloupes, the currants, and numerous other fruits of which our unepicurean and unhorticultural pen fails to record even the names. From the beginning of May till the end of October, full six months out of the twelve, the supply is unfailing—incessant. During fully half of the year it is permitted to us to revel in feasts which the gods would have envied. We say "envied," for their shadowy forms existed only in the now hoary past, when they were fain to satisfy their appetites on wild fruits: their manes have faded out before the advancing sun of modern civilization, which has warmed those fruits into a richness of perfection and variety undreamed of by the ancient world.

Of course, with such extended facilities for pleasing the palate and ministering to digestion, our consumption is amazing in its magnitude. The stomachs of more

than three hundred thousand people require considerable feeding. But, making all due allowances for their ability to buy and to eat, it is scarcely possible to conceive where all the green fruit goes to that is brought into this city. The receipts here have not unfrequently amounted to twenty thousand bushels per day, or nearly three quarts each to every man, woman and child within the corporate limits of Chicago. When we consider that a large proportion of these eat fruit but sparingly, and many of them scarcely at all, it becomes difficult, almost impossible, to account for its ready distribution. A great deal of it is undoubtedly purchased for the purpose of preserving; but, allowing one-third for this deferred use, it will still be necessary to suppose that many individuals consume nearly a bushel daily. The question is pertinent—what do they do with it?

The problem is really one of the many enigmas presented by our nineteenth century civilization, which are irresolvable at present. Capacious as is the maw of the great public, it would seem that the individual organ is occasionally even more startling in its dimensions and capacities. It is almost enough to make us despair of the millennium, since there are so many who seem reduced to the condition of the evil spirit—going about, seeking what they may devour; and it needs no great stretch of the imagination to picture them, like Death in "Paradise Lost," who

"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be filled."

—ADMIRAL DAVID GLENCOE FARRAGUT, of the United States Navy, died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on Sunday, August 14th, at noon. Though his death has been for some time expected—the Admiral having been known for many months to have disease of the heart—yet did the event, when it came, cast a general gloom over the whole country for which he had rendered such illustrious services.

There are very few better illustrations of American character than Admiral FARRAGUT. He was modest, entirely unostentatious, and, what is not true of all such men, he made no ostentation of his simplicity. Within and without, he was a

plain citizen of the republic. And yet but few had conferred upon the republic more valuable services or more illustrious renown. The capture of New Orleans, in April, 1862, was a great historical event, of momentous importance in the conduct of the war then raging. Therein Captain FARRAGUT, flag-officer of the fleet co-operating with the land forces under Major-General Butler, was the prominent figure. He there inaugurated a new system of naval operations, throwing aside mere rules and technicalities—very much as the great Napoleon threw them aside in his Italian campaign, when, by rapid movements and new tactics, he successively beat armies outnumbering him four to one in the aggregate. FARRAGUT took impregnable forts by running by them. By wonderful daring, downright heroism, he gained great victories by fine sailing, as Napoleon did by fine marching. The capture of New Orleans by FARRAGUT must forever remain a brilliant page in American annals.

Nor were his services in Mobile Bay, in the summer of 1864, when a considerable rebel fleet, including the famous iron-clad ram, "Tennessee," and three strong forts, fell into our hands, any less illustrative of brilliant genius and notable courage. Both these great events are historical, and if they serve to adorn and dignify our naval and military records, it is chiefly because of the presence of FARRAGUT. The picture of his having been lashed to the topmast of his flag-ship during the combat with the rebel fleet in Mobile Bay has been overdrawn, but it has a basis of truth. He was high up in the rigging of the ship, and was lashed to the mast, so that, should he be wounded, his fall to the deck would be prevented.

In private life the great sailor was without stain and without reproach. He loved his wife with old-fashioned devoted affection, and she returned it all. In 1867 he visited the capitals of the great powers of Europe. He was everywhere received with the highest consideration, by the highest officials—by queens, emperors, czars, and even by the Sultan of Turkey. He returned to his country, just as he went away—a plain, unassuming citizen. The greatest greatness never asserts itself.

Among the many amiable and admirable things in our great Admiral, we may esteem his home-like simplicity as one of his noblest characteristics, tending, indeed, to deceive the unreflecting as to his remarkable genius, but only bringing it out the clearer and brighter to those who reflect upon the pretence of fuss and parade. Among men of action, Admiral FARRAGUT will be pronounced as at the front of the illustrious men of the times in which he lived.

—THE proper complexion of the Goddess of Liberty is a question which has never been mooted sufficiently for a permanent decision. A beginning was made, however, at St. Louis recently, which seems to settle one point, viz.: that she can't be absolutely black. The negroes of that city were having a procession for a celebration of some kind, and sent an order to a certain colored school for a likely looking girl to personate the goddess in question. The teacher sent them his handsomest, who also happened to be of a pure ebony hue. Like Solomon's typification of the church, she was "black, but comely." The marshal having the procession in charge took exceptions to the ultra nigritude of the maiden's complexion and sent her back full of mortification, demanding a brunette of less pronounced hue. Unfortunately there was no *chromometer* at hand wherewith to measure the precise degree of blackness of the rejected goddess. Otherwise we might be able at least to fix a standard limit of color for the guidance of those who may be hunting up goddesses for future occasions.

—THE following epigram comes to us as the contribution of one who is not yet won over to the Joan D'Arc party:

"The happiness of Adam's perfect life  
Was in a quiet and contented wife;  
But when the serpent sold to her the "right"  
To run at large and all the fruit to bite,  
An endless debt has plagued us from that day,  
For ever since there's been the devil to pay."

—ONE of our contributors has been at the trouble of translating the description of one of the earliest prize-fights on record—that between Ulysses and Irus—from

which it will be seen that it did not differ much from those of modern days, except that Irus was knocked out of time at the first blow, and his bottle-holders did not attempt to bring him to the scratch. It will be found in the XVIII. Book of the "Odyssey."

The argument is this: Ulysses, after his wandering, arrived home and presented himself at his own palace in a beggar's dress. He found the palace filled with suitors, each eager for the hand of Penelope, his wife. While lingering here unrecognized, this set-to occurred. This translation may not have the melody of Pope's, but it is faithful to the original.

And lo! there came a beggar to the court,  
Who was in raving stomach unsurpassed;  
To gorge and guzzle were his chief delight.  
His form was large, but void of might or force.  
He was ARNEUS named, but younger men  
Him Irus called, for he a messenger  
Of errands was wherever ordered. He  
Coming, saw Ulysses, whom forth to drive  
He sought, and chiding spake in winged words:  
"Up and away, old fellow! from this porch,  
Lest by the heels I drag thee out! Behold  
How all are winking at the expected sport  
To see a set-to with our fists!" On him  
Ulysses sternly scowled, and thus broke forth:  
"Sirrah! no ill to thee by word or deed  
I seek; what thou receivest, grudge I not,  
However much. This porch will hold us both.  
Don't banter me o'er much, lest in my wrath,  
Old as I am, I smear thy breast and lips  
With blood, and thus win quiet for the morrow."  
To him the wanderer Irus, much enraged:  
"Ye Gods! how glibly trips this glutton's tongue,  
Like to a woman old and grim with soot!  
Him will I punish. Smiting with my fists,  
I'll knock his teeth from out his mouth, and round  
Will strew them, as of a swine detected  
In wheat-field ripe a-feeding. Go, gird thyself,  
That all may see thee fall before my might!"

Thus then before the lofty gates, and on  
The polished threshold, banded they fierce words.  
Antinous, sacred might, o'erheard their strife,  
And laughing out addressed the suitors thus:  
"My friends, we have a fund of sport in store!  
What God hath sent these fellows to this house,  
For our delight? They nigh have come to blows,  
And we propose to pit them in the lists."  
Then all rose up with glee, and formed a ring  
Around the ill-clad beggars, to whom the king  
Euphites' son, Antinous, spake these words:  
"Listen, my noble friends, to what I say:  
These kids, now cooking at the fire, and stuffed  
With fat and blood, will form our evening meal.  
To him who conquers in this strife is given  
To take whichever kid he please, and sit

An equal at the feast; nor shall approach  
Another beggar asking alms." Thus spake  
Antinous, and to his words they gave assent.  
To them Ulysses, shrewd, much planning, spake:  
"O friends! what you require is hard—for me,  
An old man spent with toil, to cope in strength  
With one my junior far in years! Come, now,  
And swear an oath that no one interpose,  
For Irus' sake, and fell me to the ground!"  
They gave assent and swore the solemn oath.  
Then spake Telemachus, the sacred might:  
"O stranger! if thy heart and noble mind  
Incite to drive him out, fear not. No Greek  
Shall lift a hand to do thee harm!" He spake,  
And all with shouts approved.

Ulysses then  
Girded his loins around with rags, and showed  
His large and polished thighs, his shoulders broad,  
His chest deep-heaving, and his sinewy arms;  
Whereat the suitors were amazed, and one  
To his neighbor said: "That chap will rue this  
day!

Gods! what a thigh from out his dirty rags  
The old man shows!" And Irus, sadly moved,  
And trembling in his joints, was dragged by those  
Whose task it was to strip him for the fight,  
Half struggling, to the ring the suitors formed.  
Him reproving, Antinous thus addressed:  
"Vain braggart thou! May'st thou no longer live,  
If thus, indeed, thou tremblest at the sight  
Of this old man, by toil and care weighed down!  
This understand, for it shall come to pass:  
If in this strife he prove the better man,  
In a black ship I'll send thee to Epirus,  
To King Echetus, who, man-mainer called,  
With cruel brass will clip thy nose and ears,  
And cast them raw to dogs to feed upon!"  
Thus he to Irus spake, when greater fear  
Upon the vaunting beggar fell, as forth  
The attendants led him to the middle spot,  
Where both put up their hands prepared to fight.  
Divine Ulysses, much enduring, then  
Revolved these matters in his mind—whether  
With heavy hand to crush out Irus' life,  
Or strike him gently, sending him to grass.  
The latter seemed the better course, or else  
The wily Greeks might fathom his disguise.  
They spar awhile, when Irus rash let fly  
His right, and caught Ulysses on the shoulder.  
The latter then struck out, and 'neath the ear  
Planted a blow which crushed the bones within,  
And caused the blood to gush from out his mouth.  
Prone in the dust he fell, and groaned and kicked,  
And gnashed his teeth: whereat the suitors all  
Broke forth in shouts uproarious. But he  
(Ulysses) him seizing by the heels, then dragged  
From out the porch, and sat him down reclining  
'Gainst the court-wall; and placing in his hand  
A staff, addressed him thus in winged words:  
"Vile wretch, of strangers and of beggars prince!  
Now sit thee here to keep off dogs and swine,  
For fear perchance thou repeat greater ill."  
Swinging the tattered satchel o'er his back,  
Held by a twisted cord, Ulysses strode  
To where the threshold was, and took his seat.